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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it your mind. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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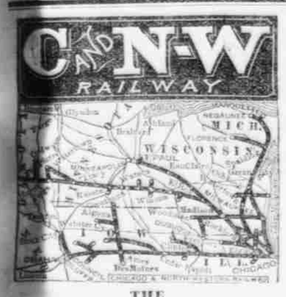

THE
Chicago & North-Western
RAILWAY
Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the
LEADING RAILWAY
—FOR THE—
WEST AND NORTHWEST!
It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in
Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
DENVER, LEADVILLE,
SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
Deadwood, Sioux City.
Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Great Corn, Wheat and Stock Region of Iowa. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Daughton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Pierre, Sioux Falls, Yankton, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.
At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'y Meet, and connect at and use the same Joint Union Depot.
At Chicago close connections are made with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.
☞ Close connections made at Junction Points.
It is the ONLY LINE running
PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS
—BETWEEN—
CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.
Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.
If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will ☞ TAKE NONE OTHER.
☞ All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.
MARVIN HUGHITT,
Sup't. P. and General Manager, Chicago.
(6-15.) WESTWARD. [y.]

TAKE THE

THE GREAT
BURLINGTON ROUTE.
☞ No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains between Chicago and Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.
The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.
The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows:
Solid Trains of Palatial Day Coaches.
Magnificent Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Reversible Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.
Short Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangements, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.
Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.
All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to
J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
No. 366 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
and 317 Broadway, New York.
JAMES R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
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TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—*Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.*
2d.—*Ask him to give you a bill of it.*
3d.—*Mail us his bill and your full address.*
4th.—*We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'*
I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by W. H. RAMSEY & BRO., Ebensburg. [4-1.-n.6.0.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)
One Wire Painted Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.
Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.
OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
and 114, 116 & 118 FIRST Avenue,
[7-6m.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

OPIUM and MORPHINE Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years established. 1000 cured. Write stating case. Dr. MARSH, Quincy, Mich. [April 22, 1881.-3m.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

A Startling Revelation of Suffering.

"Oh, My God, How I Did Suffer!"

"I Earnestly Prayed to Die."

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and by others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful o scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some o them half as large as the envelope containing the letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr.—— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I constantly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe-nails came off, fingers nails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O, my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said: 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Resolvent, Cuticura and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of the Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura ointment morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in Detroit, a new person from time I left, with my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.
"HIRAM E. CARPENTER.
"Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y."
Sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1880. A. M. LEFFINGWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

No Human Agency

Can so speedily, permanently and economically cleanse the Blood, clear the Complexion and Skin, restore the Hair, and cure every species of Itching, Scaly and Scrofulous Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood as the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures. Ask your druggist about them. Right here in this town you may find evidences of their wonderful healing powers.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, a delightful toilet, bath and nursery assistive, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

Cuticura Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA Medicinal Toilet or Shaving Soaps, CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot,
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.
☞ All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
One of COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS, costing 25 cents, is far superior to every other electric application before the public. They instantly relieve Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and Kidney and Urinary Difficulties, and may be worn over the pit of the stomach, over the kidneys, or any affected part.—Price, 25 cts. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. [8-5.-1m.]

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVINE AND BRAIN TREATMENT—a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. One dollar per box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent to any part of the country on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by the appointed agents ordered direct from us. Address JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

BAYARD TAYLOR, Poet and Traveller, Said: "I take great pleasure in recommending to parents the Academy of Mr. Swithin C. Shortlidge."

Hon. FERNANDO WOOD, M. C., Said (1880): "I cheerfully consent to the use of my name as reference. My boys will return to you (for fourth year) after their vacation."

For new Illustrated Circular address SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Harvard University Graduate, Media, Pa. 12 miles from Phila.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., ALTOONA, PA., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MONICA DOUGLASS, dec'd.
Letters testamentary having been issued to the undersigned on the estate of Monica Douglass, late of Allegheny township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made and those having claims against the same will present them legally authenticated for settlement.
W. A. B. LITTLE, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., Aug. 5, 1881.-6t.

Desirable Property for Sale.

THE undersigned wishes to sell his MILL PROPERTY, located at Millwood, Westmoreland county, on the line of the P. R. R., suitable for a merchant mill. Is in an excellent grain country, near to good markets, has three run of stones (one not in repair), a copious stream of water, and an excellent engine. WM. DONNELLY.
Millwood, July 28, 1881.-2m.*

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about FORTY ACRES cleared, the balance being well-covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

VASSAR COLLEGE!
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
FOR THE LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN. Examinations for entrance, Sept. 14th. Catalogues sent on application to W. L. DEAN, Registrar.
Aug. 5, 1881.-2m.

Blairsville (Pa.) Ladies' Seminary.
Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings.
Healthful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION.
Third year began September 14, 1881. Apply for Catalogues to REV. T. R. EWING,
July 15, 1881.-2m. Principal

$2 Watches, Stem-winders $2.15. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best list ever issued. 100 styles watches and jewelry. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 132 Nassau St., New York.

I want ONE agent in every town to sell a valuable article. No money required until goods are sold. Address P. O. Box 3258, New York City.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 3 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illus. Catalog, FREE. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

A CHAPTER IN REAL LIFE.

A summer seldom passes that the cry of "mad dog!" is not heard in some direction or another; and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to guard against the perils of hydrophobia. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal. One day during last summer a peddler woman walking along the road observed a dog belonging to the neighborhood, trotting calmly before her. She knew who was his owner and also that the animal was not far from home. A grassy bank was beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasps' nest. The dog in passing it must have disturbed the insects, which flew out upon him, clustering around his head and stinging him about the eyes, ears, and nostrils. The poor animal, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony. A policeman coming up at the moment saw him fly past, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruding. "Mad dog!" he cried, and the poor beast was shot dead before the screaming woman, running breathless to the rescue, could explain what she had seen.

"And a sore pity it was," she said. "As honest and faithful and as handsome a dog as ever stepped before its own tail. Not so mad, indeed, as the man that was in such a hurry to shoot him."

Of all the changes which modern and more enlightened times have brought about, there is none happier than that affecting the treatment of sufferers attacked with hydrophobia. The writer of this is old enough to remember by-gone tragedies connected with those victims that make one shudder. There was no hope for the unfortunates. Death was the doom; and at the first symptoms, the hapless victims were ruthlessly destroyed; suffocation between feather-beds being the usual mode! An occurrence in humble Irish life, remembered still in the parish where it took place, and for the truth of which many can vouch, will illustrate painfully the above. The narrative will be best given in the words of one of the family who was present at the time.

Myself was in the house where it all happened, being first cousin to Mrs. Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and she well-to-do; with cows und other stock in plenty, and good land. Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman. She'd be up and out in her dairy at 3 o'clock in the summer mornings, to get the butter off the churn in the cool of the day and then away with her across the fields to visit the cattle and oversee the laborers at their work. Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and right glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at, as comely as she was industrious: tidy and trim, and wonderful at making and laying by money. But though she had a gay word for them all, and was blithe and cheery as the day, they soon found that coming courting to the winsome young widow was only wasting their time. She wouldn't listen to man or mortal. Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy. It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the light and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any beside. He was the entire world to her. Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order until he was old enough to take it up.

A fine, handsome child he was, merry as a bird, full of spirits and fun. He doted on his mother, and maybe she wasn't pround of him! Every one loved him, even the dumb animals, he was so good-natured and kindly—joyous and bright, like sunshine in the house. There's something in the young and their ways that the heart warms to, naturally.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgeable concerning farm business. He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine, well-grown, active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumors were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and of the terrible mischief they did. Cows were bitten, and pigs; Christians were attacked, and a neighboring farmer lost two valuable horses, that went mad after being bitten, and had to be destroyed. People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees. They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades. There were only nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two. Talking merrily they went over their work, and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in. Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with it like a shot to the field. His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow. But he was as light of foot and nimble as a deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he came up with the dog. The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury. But the brave boy grappled with him and had him pinned to the ground before the men came up and gave the finishing stroke.

"Now, mother dear," he cried in glee "the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!"

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given all she was worth in the wide world, was there before her eyes all bloody and covered withfoamfrom the beast's mouth. She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, and saying they were nothing. And nothing there was for a time. But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last. He knew it himself, the poor fellow! It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manfully against it, and forced himself to drink, when the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable. He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him. No use! he could not get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful. At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

The doctor came; but what could he do? He was a good-natured man, and gave many a sixpence and shilling to those he knew needed nourishment more than drugs, but no one thought much of his physicing. People said he had but the one medicine, and that he gave it to all alike, no matter what ailed them. Not that there was any harm in that, for it stands to reason that what would do good to one Christian couldn't be bad for another. When any of the quality were sick, they sent right away off to the city for the grand doctor there; but our parish man was good enough for the poor.

Anyhow, not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master. There was but the one thing for him—his doom was sealed. And now the question was, how it was to be done. Three ways were spoken of. To smother him between two feather beds, or else carry him down to the river and drown him, or to open a vein and let him bleed to death. The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to her you'd think she'd go out of her senses. Indeed, for the matter of that, it was much the same whatever plan they talked of: they couldn't drag consent out of her to any of them. God help her! 'twas a cruel strait to be in. At long last, and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened, and when it was done the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it and the despair of a distracted mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe. Her neighbors and cousins and the lad's uncles flocked in, and were all gathered around her in the best parlor, striving to comfort her. They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some.—They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have—hundreds and hundreds coming to it from far and near—the handsomest coffin money could buy, real oak, with brass ornaments, and such a wake as was never seen in the country before; no expense spared! But you might as well talk to the dead in the clay. She didn't hear a word, but sat there without tear or moan—only her mouth working with the agony within—just a frozen up, stony image of Despair! And you'd hardly know her, she was so changed. The bright, smooth, comely face all drawn and wrinkled like an old crone's and ghastly pale. Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's throw of her.

When they saw it was of no use, they let the poor woman alone. A gloomy silence fell upon the sorrowful company as they sat there waiting—waiting for the end. The minutes seemed like hours. There was no stir, except when now and then somebody would whisper under his breath about the dying boy: how pleasant he was, and gay; how generous and open-handed he'd been.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life must go on. So when milking-time came, Kitty McCabe, the dairy woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see the cows. Coming back thro' the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy, and for the life of her she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet. There was no sound. Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look. It was an old crazy door, contrary, and ill-fitting, and at the first push it gave a great squeak and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened, and tried to pull it back again. The sight, too, of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

"Is that you, Kitty McCabe?" came in a weak, faint whisper from the far end.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again.

"Aye, is it, my life! my darling! jewel o' the world! and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

"Oh, Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?"

"To be sure I have, darling—lashins!" and she ran and filled a jug full. He drank it every drop, and then called for more.

"I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good."

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drinking. After awhile he said: "Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I'm well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?"

"Heart's darling I—'tis clear wild with the joy she'll be! But stay, jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over against the cruel cut. There now, master dear."

"Reach me over that big stick in the corner, and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;" and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Roused by a cry from one of the company his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window. Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms; and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast—fast locked and strained to her—all who were present and looked on knew that she would never part with him more.

And she never did. From that day out, sign or symptoms of the madness never appeared, though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant. He had, you see, bled such a power that it was the world's work to bring him to. When the doctor fixed up the ent he was almost gone. A minute more and it would have been too late. The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flown out of him with the blood; but what did he know? Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier, or a handsomer, or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his full age; over six feet in his stocking vamps, and broad-shouldered in proportion. But it was remarked by every one that his mother was never the same after the terrible day when he was tied in the outhouse to die.

THE trail of the serpent is over all humanity. Man comes naked into the world, is snaked through life, and goes naked out of it.

DREAM OR TRANCE.

The lurid, deceptive gleams of the setting sun faded away; the grey fog slowly drifted back again, and soon settled into a pitiless drizzle, worse even than anything that had come before.

For a whole week—seven days and nights—we at Bar Harbor had watched the sky, at least we had watched it whenver the shifting fogs permitted us a glimpse of heaven above.

The weatherwise now shook their heads and Captain Rodick himself no longer ventured to enliven us with a cheerful promise of a 'sunny day to-morrow, and a sky, miss, every bit as blue as your eye.'

By far the greater number of girls and the men were still unoccupied, when suddenly some one—of course a woman—had a bright thought, and the words "Stories—ghost stories!" were passed about.

Finally, the small parlor was taken violent possession of, and all persons who would give no promise of personal exertion for the entertainment of the evening, were politely informed that a good fire and bright lights were burning elsewhere.

At last, every body was ready to listen; but who should begin? The drawing of lots was suggested, and the first story was told by a saturnine individual, who made us all shiver by a very clever tale in which skeletons and skulls played no mean part.

"Fanny," said a manly voice from the further corner of the room, "you remember that pretty girl who used to visit at Aunt Cora's in Beacon street when you were a child? She certainly has an air of being gifted with second sight; and yet I can tell you of something connected with her that is inexplicable by any known laws that govern the universe. Some years ago I went into Aunt Dora's one winter's night, just before dinner, and found aunty in great distress. Old John, her coachman, had gone off suddenly on one of his periodical sprees, and she had no one to send to the station to meet Miss S., who was going to pay a long-talked of visit.

"Aunty," I said, "don't fret; I will go with pleasure. I easily set aside her objections—that I had never seen the expected guest—and, after asking her to describe Miss S., I hurried off, reaching the station just in time to see the long passenger train come in. I walked quickly through the cars, and had little or no difficulty in finding Miss S. Prompt, however, as I had been in my successful efforts, some one was before me, and as I reached the young lady I found her greeting, with no little agitation, my old friend, Phil Andrews. I waited for a moment before either of them noticed me, and then, going forward, introduced myself to the lady, and was kindly received.

"I saw enough, however, in the brief moments we three stood together to convince me that neither of them would have complained of Aunt Dora had she neglected to send for her guest. I was afterwards told that Miss S. and Phil were engaged, and only waited until prudence permitted them to marry. All these facts were, however, at that time, only guessed at by me, and had I known them I certainly could not have found therein any explanation of the state of painful agitation into which Miss S. was evidently plunged."

"What is it, sweetheart," I heard Phil whisper. "Are you ill?"

"No, no," she answered huskily. "I am foolish and nervous."

"Has any one dared to insult you?" asked Phil with a ferocious air.

"Indeed, no," said Miss S.; "it is the same old story."

Phil looked troubled and annoyed, but said no more, and Miss S. turned away silently, struggling for composure. The luggage was at last found, and we all soon stood in my aunt's warmed, well-lighted and flower-scented rooms.

Aunty received Miss S. with loving arms, and I heard her say, "Well, dearie, has all gone well with you to-day?"

That something definite was intended by the question was certain from the earnestness of the girl's tone as she answered "Aunt Dora"—all young people called her aunt—"I could never have summoned courage to travel by rail to-day, had it not been to visit you."

Phil took his leave, and Miss S., accompanied by her hostess, soon went to her own apartment, my aunt begging me to remain until she came down again, which, however, was not until I had grown very tired waiting for her.

Auntie came in with a worried expression on her gentle face.

"Were I in the least superstitious," she said, as she took the easy chair I had drawn toward the fire for her, "I should implore Miss S. never to put her foot in a railway car again. I must tell you the strangest story. I don't know whether to call it a dream or a trance. You will doubtless put it down as mere imagination; it is nevertheless true that Miss S. has never traveled by train without having a most singular dream. The dream in itself is most singular because of its vividness; but more singular from the fact in its many repetitions the details never vary."

But, I exclaimed, with, I admit, lamentable lack of gallantry, why in the name of wonder is Miss S. so stupid as to go to sleep in the cars if their motion or noise gives her bad dreams?

"She does not really sleep," cried my aunt energetically; "she is, I think, in a mesmeric trance."

"Pshaw!" I answered, "that is all nonsense. Let us have the dream, however."

And my aunt, prefacing her story with the entreaty that Miss S. should never know that the subject had been mentioned to me, went on to say that Miss S. could only be induced to give a vague description of the noise, hurry and confusion, of pain and anguish, not as endured by herself, but as going on about her. From all this confusion, however, soon emerged one central figure, and that a woman's head, crowned by a braid of blonde hair fastened by knots of black velvet. This head seemed to be elevated above a surging crowd, and to be borne slowly past the windows of the car.

"Of course," said my aunt, "I had told her that she had fallen asleep, and that she had dreamed of some tragic event in the French revolution—of the Princess Lambelle, perhaps."

"But aunty," I questioned, "is the head seen but once in each dream? And whose are the features of the face?"

"The head," answered my aunt gravely, "is carried on a pike, as it were, many times to and fro. Or, as Miss S. describes the scene, a procession of heads all alike and giving the impression of being one and the same, are being borne past the windows of the car in the glare of the torches. The poor child has never seen the features, for the face is always covered by a delicate, half-transparent handkerchief, in the corner of which is a coronet and cipher of delicate embroidery. Miss S. says she is conscious of a vivid curiosity at each re-occurrence of that dream only as to the cipher on the handkerchief; she never thinks whose features it veils."

"I dare not," continued my aunt, "counsel her never to travel by rail, lest I should inspire her with fears, which hitherto she has never felt. For alas! I feel absolutely certain that some accident will happen her."

"Some fearful accident will happen to me," I said, laughing, "if I sit longer by this too tempting fire. I must be off and to bed, for I have a long journey before me to-morrow."

The next morning I went South and was detained there week after week. Spring in fact reached Boston before I did. Of course I at once went to call on Aunt Dora, whom I found rather out of spirits and lonely, as Miss S. had left her a day or two before, having been summoned to the far West by an invalid sister.

While we sat talking in the soft dusky twilight the servant entered with the evening paper. I took it from his hand and carelessly opening it, my eyes fell upon the heading, Fearful Railroad Accident.

First on the list of killed was the name of Miss S. My aunt saw my agitation and insisted upon being told its cause. Thankful enough was I that she was not alone when the intelligence reached her.

"And Phil," I said, hurriedly reading on, only to find his name among the Injured. Weeks passed before Phil was sufficiently recovered to be brought to his mother's house, and a still longer time elapsed before the name of Miss S. passed his lips.

"You remember," he said to me one night, breaking a long and sad silence, "you remember the strange and persistent warning received by Christine—warnings to which she paid little or no heed, to which we were so shamefully indifferent—but do you know," he continued, "all the details of the tragedy. I must unseal my lips to you now, for if I lie here brooding over the mystery in solitude and horror of it all, I shall go mad."

In vain did I beg my poor friend to wait until he was stronger.

I shall never be stronger," he exclaimed, "until I have spoken. You know," he murmured, as a convulsive shudder shook the bench on which he lay, "that Christine was killed instantly—but do you know that I was not at her side at the moment of the accident; I was in the smoking car, and was not myself hurt at the time. My injuries were received afterwards, from the fall of a burning beam in the station house. When Miss S. was found the body was decapitated, the guillotine itself might have done the dreadful deed. In my anguish no thought of her dreams came to me. But when a pitying woman's hand, veiled with tender reverence the grave tranquil features of my dead love, and I saw the masses of hair all undisturbed, there came a flash of memory." Phil was silent. At last he spoke. "Give me the desk, dear friend."

Reluctantly and with some fears I gave it to him. He took from it with trembling, emaciated fingers, a small package. Reverently opening it, he unfolded a delicate handkerchief. In the corenet, under it the cipher—all as had been forshadowed to Miss S.

"Yes," said Phil's trembling voice, "here it is. That day we noticed a French woman, evidently of rank, whose seat was near ours, and she it was who completed the dream's fulfillment.

As Phil uttered these words, his sister entered the room with temporary injunctions to silence.

"I was permitted to clasp his hand in warm sympathy and to say good night to him as I now do to you all." And the speaker hastily left the room.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

In 1861, when people's thoughts were bent on war, Captain Vick raised a company of volunteers in the parish of Lafourche for service in the Confederate States army known as the Lafourche Guards. Among them was a young man residing near Lafourche Crossing, named Hilda Bourgeois. In the vicissitudes of the rebellion Bourgeois was made a prisoner of war by the Federal troops at the bloody battle of Franklin, Tennessee. He was taken to the Northern prisons, in which many a Confederate soldier passed long and lonesome days ruminating over the ups and downs of a soldier's life. This restraint did not suit young Bourgeois, and in order to issue beyond the prison walls he agreed to take the oath of allegiance and join the Federal army with the stipulation that he was not to be sent against the Confederates. He was assigned to some company of the Federal army that was on duty in the Western plains or Rocky Mountains, watching the movements of Sitting Bull, Captain Jack or any other "Lo" that might be prowling around, infringing on the forbidden grounds in search of prairie dogs and human scalps. News of Bourgeois, after leaving his prison, never reached his friends, who had given up all hopes of ever seeing him again, supposing that his scalp was adorning the trophies of some brave of the "Lo" tribe in the far West.

Some months ago, to his own and every one else's surprise, his brother, residing near Raceland, received a letter from him stating that he had a home in California and was wealthy; that he had ships upon the seas carrying rich products to different lands; that from the bowels of the earth gold and silver treasures were in his reach, and that he was anxious to see and hear of the friends of his youth and the relatives he left behind in the cane-fields and orange groves of Louisiana. He tendered a pressing invitation to his brother to come to him in his Western home, where he would give them employment to support themselves easily and comfortably. The contents of this letter appeared more like a vision than a reality to those to whom it was written. One of his brothers replied to him that he was willing to go; that he was a widower and had four children under his charge, for whom he would have to provide homes before leaving Lafourche. Another warm invitation was sent for him to come to his home with his children; to leave none behind; that all would be provided for. The brother wrote that he was anxious to go, and that he had a young friend who was desirous to accompany him, but that neither had nor could raise the money to make the trip. This letter was answered by a check on the bank in California for $700, with a request to hasten and bring his friend with him. The check was presented to a bank in New Orleans, which telegraphed to the bank in California upon which the check was drawn, inquiring if it was good. The answer came back over the wires; "Bourgeois's check is good; pay it." With this money the brother left for the California home, taking his four children with him. Accompanying him was Felix Le Blanc, son of the late Etienne Le Blanc, a very worthy young creole of Lafourche. They have been at their Western destination for a month or more. Bourgeois received them in princely style and hospitality, and had positions for them at once, with good salaries attached.—*Thibodaux (Louisiana) Sentinel.*

"How are you to day?" "Not very well." "Go for a bottle of PERUNA and be well."

UNCLE MALACHI'S MONEY.

It was the third of May, a brilliant spring day, with the jonquils and daffodils all in blossom, the great white peonies, bursting like balls of snow through their green calyxes, and the grass on the upland pastures as soft and delicately-tinted as velvet; and even poor Mrs. Crofton, wearied and overworked though she was, felt somewhat of the sweet spring influences pass into her soul, as she stood on the door-sill, buttering a bake-pan for the Saturday loaf of raisin-cake.

"It's a lovely day!" said Mrs. Crofton.—"And somehow the smell o' them daffy-downdillies reminds me of when I was a girl. Dear, dear! how time flies, to be sure! But there's a touch of chill in the air, all the same; and I doubt if it's safe for Uncle Malachi to sit out much longer."

And she went, bake-pan and all, around the corner of the house, to the paved space in front of the south wing, where in a wooden arm-chair, sat a little old man, yellow-faced and wrinkled, with a one-sided wig pulled over his left eye, a patch-work-covered pillow at his back, and a woolen blanket wrapped around him.

"You'd better let me wheel you in, Uncle Malachi," said she, listlessly. "It's getting sort o'

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 19, 1881.

IN the British House of Lords, on Tuesday night last, Lord Salisbury withdrew his opposition to the Irish Land Bill as it passed the House of Commons, and the threatened deadlock between the two houses over the bill was thus avoided.

JOHN COCHRAN, who represented the Second Philadelphia district in the State Senate, died on Sunday last, at Spring Lake, N. J., in the 61st year of his age. He was a man of ability, an unswerving Democrat, and possessed a character without stain or reproach. His term would have expired at the end of December, 1882.

SO MANY lying reports have been put into circulation in the interest of speculators about the aggregateof this year's wheat crop as compared with that of 1880, that it is impossible yet to make a reliable estimate. The report of the Agricultural Department to appear next week, is the most important one of the the year so far as wheat is concerned, and it was stated by officials of the Department on Friday last that the reports then received indicated a falling off as compared with last year of about 125,000,000 bushels. There is little doubt also that in the great corn-growing States of the West the yield will be far below that of last year.

THE President's condition in the early part of Tuesday night changed for the worse, in consequence of his having vomited several times, and on Wednesday the gravest apprehensions were felt at the White House that his end was near at hand. His condition during Tuesday night and all of Wednesday was more hopeful, however, and the latest dispatch from Washington at 7 o'clock this (Thursday) morning, states that he passed a comfortable night and was somewhat better: It seems that the great trouble with him is not caused by the wound, but from the refusal of his stomach to retain any nourishment. The prospects of his recovery are by no means bright, but while there is life there is hope.

IT is hard to believe that Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes has been truthfully reported as saying that the issue in the Ohio election this Fall is: "Shall I endorse Garfield or Guiteau?" And yet the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a leading and well-known Republican paper, proclaimed to the world that she did use these very words. A Cleveland friend of Mrs. Hayes denies, however, that she employed the expression, and a question of veracity is thus raised between him and the *Commercial*. We trust on her own account that the denial is well-founded, and that she did not deliberately make a fool of herself in the way imputed to her. It was a wise remark of the great Napoleon that women should let politics alone and attend to their knitting.

GEORGE M. ARNOLD, a colored delegate to the straight-out Republican convention in Virginia, made a very vigorous speech against any coalition with Mahone. He asserted that if Mahone was stripped of his power he would be found to be only a combination of stuffed ballot-boxes—that the leaders of the Readjuster or Republican party were the first to inaugurate the practice of stuffing ballot-boxes and cheating the negroes out of their votes, and would do so again if they had the chance; and that it was for dishonest practices of that kind that Mahone had been kicked out of the Democratic party. He concluded his speech by saying amidst great applause that rather than vote for Mahone and his Captain Kidds, he would vote for the little finger on the left hand of John W. Daniel, who, although he was the Democratic nominee, was in favor of honestly paying the State debt.

THE Democratic State Committee met at Harrisburg on Wednesday, Aug. 10th, and as briefly noted in our general news items last week, fixed on Wednesday, September 28th, as the time and Williamsport as the place for holding the next State convention. Mr. Dill, the chairman, was authorized to appoint a committee, to consist of seven members, to draft rules for the better government of the party in Pennsylvania, the committee to report to the State Committee at Williamsport on the evening of September 27th, the day before the meeting of the convention. The citizens of Williamsport are highly pleased at their city being selected as the place for holding the convention, but if the convention was likely to be an exciting one, which it certainly will not be, and if 'Squire Bill McMallen should take with him a car-load of his Fourth ward (Philadelphia) rowdies and blackguards, as he has been in the habit of doing on similar occasions, the Williamsport people will wish that the convention had been held somewhere else.

REPUBLICAN papers in this State like the Huntingdon *Journal* and Bedford *Inquirer*, while they are too cowardly to utter a word against Mahone and his freebooters in Virginia, don't hesitate wilfully to misrepresent the language used by Major Daniel, the Democratic candidate for Governor, when he was a member of the Senate of that State, in reference to the public schools. These silent advocates of the doctrine of repudiation represent Mr. Daniel as saying that he "would be willing to apply the torch to every public school house in the State, rather than see a tax collected to pay the interest on the State bonds issued to raise a school fund." They call this opposition to the public school system, and so it would be if Major Daniel had ever said so; but he never did. What he did say in a debate in the State Senate was that he "would burn down the public school houses *before he would rob the creditors of the State to maintain them.*" Referring to this sentiment of Major Daniel, the New York *World* well says: "It is no doubt of great importance to Virginia that its children should be taught, but the value of an education which begins by teaching them that they are to be taught with other people's money stolen for that purpose may be doubted."

THE Johnstown *Tribune* is constantly snapping at the heels of Jeremiah S. Black, and it may possibly flatter itself that Judge Black hears and heeds its persistent yelps in the quiet of his rural home away down in the county of York. The *Tribune* is unhappy because Judge Black has recently vindicated the truth of history by making a very complete and convincing statement to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*, who visited him for that purpose, of the position occupied by Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet, of which Judge Black was a member, in reference to the secession movement between the meeting of Congress in December, 1860, and the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1861. In support of this statement of *facts* by Judge Black, occurring during the *three* months mentioned, he furnishes record evidence the truth and sufficiency of which no man outside of a lunatic asylum will gainsay or call in question. His own letter as Secretary of State to General Scott, dated January 16, 1861, on the vital necessity of instantly reinforcing Maj. Anderson, then in Fort Sumter, is a part of this record evidence, now for the first time given to the country. Another part and one which shows Judge Black in those dark and threatening days to have been a true and unflinching patriot, is the paper, or memorandum, he wrote at the end of December, 1860, for President Buchanan, in answer to the impudent demand of the three South Carolina commissioners, then in Washington. This memorandum, which Mr. Buchanan adopted in his answer, was written by Judge Black in the office and in presence of Edwin M. Stanton, who was then Mr. Buchanan's Attorney General, and was copied by him sheet by sheet as Judge Black wrote it, the copy in Mr. Stanton's handwriting being now in Judge B.'s possession. These revelations of Judge B., as well as others to which we cannot refer, sustained as they are by evidence of their truth "as strong as proofs of holy writ," are exceedingly annoying to the editor of the *Tribune*, and while he dare not venture a contradiction of the record proof adduced, he takes refuge in wanton calumny and abuse of Judge Black upon the silly pretext, invented by himself, that Judge B. is making a bid for the vacant seat on the Supreme Court Bench. Judge B. is *seventy-one* years old, which is *one* year over the age at which an act of Congress permits a Judge of that Court to resign his office on full pay for the balance of his life. Judge Black would never take a commission as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court from a Republican administration, and if he would he couldn't get it. But even if the office was tendered to him, the *Tribune* would still be here to pour out the vials of its wrath upon his devoted head, and the knowledge of that unpleasant fact alone would cause Judge Black, brave and fearless as he is admitted to be, to cast aside the proffered honor.

THE Republican State convention of Virginia met at Lynchburg last Wednesday week and split into two nearly equal parts, each part holding its own convention. The faction in the convention favorable to Mahone and republication endorsed Col. Cameron, who was nominated a short time ago by Mahone's State convention as his candidate for Governor, and the other faction, which is opposed to republication and in favor of paying the full debt of the State, nominated General Wickham for Governor. Gen. Wickham refused, however, to accept, and no other nomination was made. The contest will therefore most likely be confined to Cameron, Republiationist, and Daniel, the Democratic and debt-paying candidate. This split virtually puts an end to the straight-out Republican party in Virginia, and renders pretty certain the defeat of the Mahone State ticket, because his candidate, Cameron, could only hope to be elected by the Republican convention declaring in his favor, which about one-half of its members firmly and indignantly refused to do. At least three-fourths of the Republican vote in that State is cast by colored men, and in the State convention of which we are speaking, composed of over two hundred delegates, only *twenty-five* were whites. Most of the speaking was done by colored men, and in the convention held by Wickham, or the debt-paying party, the colored speakers who addressed it denounced Mahone in the most bitter terms, and didn't hesitate in saying that they preferred Daniel, the Democratic nominee, a thousand times. Mahone's candidate will no doubt get the larger part of the colored vote, but that won't elect him, and especially so as the other portion of the negro vote, or at least the bulk of it, having no candidate of its own, will undoubtedly support Daniel. This is the aspect of the contest at the beginning, and as the campaign progresses we do not think its present features will be materially changed.

INDIAN AGENT COOK, at Rose Bud Agency, where Spotted Tail was murdered by Crow Dog, reports to the Indian Bureau that Black Crow aspired to be chief instead of Spotted Tail—that Crow Dog was his chief assistant in organizing a gang of adherents, and that the shooting of Spotted Tail was the result of a regular conspiracy to get him out of the way and put Black Crow in his place. Another and a very different statement coming from Rose Bud people is, that Spotted Tail was killed for seducing another Indian's squaw and that as a smasher of Indian women's hearts he was the Aaron Burr of the Sioux tribe. Spotted Tail had a singular prejudice against bald-headed men. At a council at Camp Robinson two years ago, he said to the agent who came to talk to him and whose head was as smooth as a billiard ball: "Go back to the Great Father and tell him to send no more bald-headed men to treat with us. I never saw a bald-headed man who was not a big liar."

ONE "C. M. Meredith" writes from Wilkinsburg to the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette* that a recently born baby in Plum township, Allegheny county, has wings like those of a dove, and is a sound, healthy and lively infant. The writer says the wings are covered with fine down, and it follows, of course, as he states, that the baby is a girl.

Reminiscences by Maj. G. Nelson Smith.

THE FIRST CANAL BOAT—SALT-MAKING ON THE CONEMAUGH AND KISKIMINETAS RIVERS—THE SCENERY ALONG THESE RIVERS—VEGETABLE BEAUTIES, ETC.

[Special Correspondence of the Saltsburg Press.]

MOUNT JOY, Armstrong Co., Pa.,
August 8, 1881.

I write from what is neither a new, old, or far-famed watering-place or summer resort, yet a few words about the place may not be uninteresting. Mount Joy, as the place is named, is the homestead of one of my earliest and oldest living friends, Capt. Henry Truby. It is a beautiful spot, situated on the right bank of the Kiskiminetas River, some two miles above Leechburg, at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet above the river bed. Here the scenery is exceedingly beautiful and romantic, the air pure, fresh, and invigorating. While art has done much to beautify the place, nature has not been too much interfered with, so that the aspect is singularly pleasing. Sixty years ago, when the writer was a boy, he visited this spot at stated intervals, when the country was covered with timber and thick underbrush. But during the period of sixty years, by the preservation of the fittest, and the sweeping off of that which was unfit, the country is now covered with thrifty farms, and handsome, comfortable dwellings. The change which more than half the century has wrought strikes the mind of the visitor with great force. I am pleased to find my old-time companion and friend, with his estimable lady and accomplished daughters, living in comfort and affluence. He is now traveling down life's hill, near its foot, at the close of his eighty-first year, and the youngest correspondent, as the jocular editor of the *Cambria Freeman* puts it, sadly in want of "a pair of new legs."

Leechburg, which took its name from David Leech, the builder of dam No. 1, at the point at which the town is situated, was, at the time Mr. Leech commenced operations, almost a barren waste. There was but one rude, round log cabin, the abode of a fisherman, named Hunter, and near by it was a noted spring at which canoemen and keelboatmen always landed to partake of its cooling waters, of which the writer and his friend, Truby, often partook. Leechburg is to-day a thrifty, enterprising town, with near two thousand inhabitants, remarkable for being lighted day and night by a constant stream of burning gas. There is already here one large rolling mill in operation, and a new steel and glass works about to be constructed. Some years ago a party desiring to test the territory for oil, drilled a well on the Westmoreland side of the river, directly opposite the town, in which no oil was found, but from which a large flow of gas proceeds, and which the proprietors of the Leechburg Rolling Mill utilize. The gas of this well not only furnishes heat and light for the iron works, but a flame projects itself above the roof of the mill, illuminates the whole town. By the use of this gas the company not only light their works but save largely in fuel.

It was at Leechburg the public spirited and enterprising David Leech, the proprietor of the first transportation line, built his first four boats, named him by the citizens of Pennsylvania and General Lecock. The first canal boat, however, that ever moved on the Western division of the Pennsylvania canal, was built at Warren, now Apollo, concerning which the following extract is taken from an article many years ago published in a Pittsburgh magazine, written on the subject of the first conception of uniting the east and the west by a canal, which read as follows:

> The first canal boat ever built or run west of the mountain was the General Abner Lacock. She was built at Warren, now Apollo, Armstrong county, by Phillips, Graham & Co., and owned by Patrick Leonard, of Pittsburgh. She was a passenger packet, having berths and curtains after the style of the steamboats of modern days. Her trial trip was made from Westport to Leechburg, which occasion she was "steered" by the Hon. J. Nelson Smith, late a prominent member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.
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> The launching of this boat was declared a success, and great was the rejoicing thereat. This event, important though it was, was only a mighty commencement of the mighty enterprise that was soon to flourish. When the water was let into the canal at Leechburg, the General Lecock, under the command of Capt. Benjamin E. Bertz, assisted by Capt. Robert Bell, Jr., Jack Forrest and Henry Truby being both experienced boatmen, were given the guidance of the noted craft. It was a gala day in the town of Fort Pitt. Her advent had been heralded far and near, and all and sundry, matron and sire, flocked into town to see a sight the like of which they might never see again. On the morning she left at Freeport the town was found in holiday dress, music was playing, flags waving, etc. Speeches were made in honor of the occasion, a large dinner was spread, and the half-pretentious christening of the Atlantic cable or the driving of the golden spike on the Pacific Railroad were matters of small moment when compared with the launching afloat of a canal boat in a small village at that day, and no question very much whether the immediate, in point of public interest or public consequence, was not greater in the latter than in the former.
>
> The horses which towed the Lacock belonged to John Kerr, Esq., and Sam. D. Kerr, since deceased, and were, the writer remembers, several weeks from the time the General Lacock left Leechburg until she reached Pittsburgh, owing to the bad roads and high waters. She was the first fully equipped packet, Isaac Leighbody commanding, Benjamin E. Bertz, the last named at Pittsburgh, and it made a great boom, by the way, there was a great occasion and rejoicing, the people feeling as if a new era was dawning upon them.

Before the building of the canal, the manufacture of salt was a prominent industry in the valleys of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas rivers, and was the great pioneer industry of the people, and in a few localities was a great source of profit to the inhabitants of the above-named valleys. Salt was first made on the Conemaugh river in 1810, and in 1812 its manufacture became an extensive business along the Conemaugh, there being numerous extensive saltworks in which a large capital was invested, and the business was considered highly prosperous. All along the river, from a point a few miles below Blairsville on to Saltsburg, the hills on both sides of the river were like bee-hives.—The locality was called the "Great Conemaugh Salt Works." The first discovery of salt was made in Indiana county by an old lady named Deemer, whom your correspondent knew well, she being a particular and intimate friend of his mother. Mrs. Deemer discovered, when the water was at a very low stage, the oozing of salt water at the riverside at a point on the Conemaugh a few miles above its conjunction with the Loyalhanna, at which point these waters take the name of Kiskiminetas. Prompted by curiosity, Mrs. Deemer gathered some of the water for using in cooking purposes, and with a portion of it first made mush, which proved to be quite palatable. It was this discovery which led to the manufacture of salt on the Conemaugh river. In a few years the business gradually increased down the Kiskiminetas river's entire length, and down the Allegheny river to Parkerman. Up to the time of the discovery of salt on the Conemaugh in 1810, in which year there was but one salt works on the river, New York had supplied Pennsylvania with salt.

After this, wells were bored at the base of the hills along both rivers, and all were once in active operation. The manufacture of salt was the only industry reported for the county of Indiana in the census of 1820.—Now I find nearly all those active salt manufacturers in ruins and ruin. The production of salt as a business must have reached its culminating point some years since, as its production is now confined to very few establishments.

The traveler who passes westward from the summit of the Allegheny Mountain on the Pennsylvania Railroad to the mouth of the Kiskiminetas, will not forget the continually recurring delight with which there arises before him a perfectly new combination of hill and valley, giving rise to an endless succession of the most exquisite and diversified pictures of nature. Especially is the scenery magnificent in passing through the collateral ranges of the Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge, stretching westward from Johnstown to Freeport, the mountains with their parallel ridges present a scene of undulating surfaces, or a labyrinth of hills, with a forever renewed variety of landscape, surprising in its diversity and beauty. The scenery along the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas rivers presents an endless succession of the most diversified and charming pictures of nature. It is a region of never failing attraction, holding spell-bound with visions of beauty the lovers of landscape scenery.—There is on this line presented every variety of configuration of surface, which gives variety unequaled and an element of enchantment to the landscapes. The highlands of the Hudson, which are said to be incomparable for the combined beauty and magnificence of its scenery, which foreigners admit does equal honor to the Rhine, presents no grander view of panoramic loveliness, or makes more delightful and lasting impressions than the panoramic view from the cars of the Pennsylvania and the West Penn railroads from the head waters of the Conemaugh to the mouth of the Kiskiminetas.

Every land may boast of something majestic and sublime in the vegetable kingdom, but Pennsylvania, with her mountains of laurel, and Texas with her forests of magnolia, are objects challenging comparison, and filling the mind with reflections upon which it delights to dwell, leaving a green spot in the waste of time. In traversing the country of Pennsylvania, the traveler, at this time of the year, can see nature in her loveliest form in the delicate tints and brilliant hues displayed in the variegated flowers of the mountain laurel. On the sides of the mountains, particularly on the sides of the Laurel Hill, a spur of the Allegenies which takes its name from the abundance of this perennial shrub, and which lines its sides and crowns its towering peaks. The Laurel Hill is now in its fullest and richest costume, showing the finest delineation of nature, and portraying her choicest pencilling. Nothing more beautiful than the Pennsylvania mountain laurel can be seen in nature, save and except her beautiful finger-work in the large snow-like blossoms of the magnolia in Texas. In the country surrounding the Trinity and San Jacinto rivers, the magnolia trees are seen in their native lovelliness and natural proportions. On the afore-named rivers, forests of this magnificent tree rear their trunks from 80 to 100 feet, with large leaves, wearing the richness of deepest perennial verdure. During the flowering season, which lasts from May to August, the magnolia tree, viewed from its smiling elevation on a hill-side, presents one of the most enchanting sights in nature. A single magnolia tree brings to the mind of the beholder thoughts of a snow-white robed, beautiful woman greeting his approach.

G. N. S.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A WESTERN CYCLONE—NARROW ESCAPE OF A FISHING PARTY ON LOST LAKE.

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following letter from a son of Dr. Hostetter, of "Bitters" fame, whose family is spending the heated term in this place. The letter is addressed to a younger brother of the writer, and furnishes a very readable description of an adventure which came near costing the lives of the young man and his fellow voyagers:

EDNA, Minn., Aug. 10, 1881.

DEAR FRED.—Your letter received a few days ago. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * I told you in my postal that I would have a big fish story to tell you the next time I wrote, and I think I have one now, though it is not about a very large fish. The day I wrote you from Forest Lake we left for some other lakes much further north, called Fish Lake, Lost Lake and Battle Lake. We had pretty good fishing the first day we were there, catching some black bass that would weigh four pounds at least; but at the most interesting time, when the fish were biting splendidly, we run out of bait, and had to come home with a string of from fifteen to twenty bass. We determined the next day to be well supplied, and spent the next morning catching frogs, which, by the way, were about as hard to catch as the fish and that afternoon pulled four miles through Fish Lake into Lost Lake, and there, at the outlet, began to fish. We were so busily engaged that we did not notice for some time that there was a terrible storm brewing, and before we realized the fact, it broke upon us in a perfect hurricane. We were fortunate enough at the time to be very near shore, and by hard pulling landed and beached our boat. We were now right in the heavy timber, and though not feeling at all comfortable at the time, it certainly was a grand sight to watch the storm playing havoc all around us. (I should have told you before that on landing we had discovered an old deserted wood-choppers' hut). I stood at the door of our hut and saw tree after tree ripped and torn to pieces, while every now and then the lightning, which was terrible, would strike a tall pine or fairly rake the lake, and though we had two pair of oars we found it mighty hard work to make any progress against it. We had about reached the middle of the lake, after a half hour's hard tugging, when I turned around to see that we were heading in the right direction and what I saw bearing down upon us, Fred, fairly made my hair stand upon end, and for the moment took all the breath out of me. The situation I will not attempt to describe, but simply yelled out to Jared and he turned and this is what we both saw: A back ground of clouds as black as ink, in the centre of which and leading right down upon us was a circular mass of dusty yellow clouds, which were whirling and tearing at a furious rate, while entirely apart by themselves. The air, the dust, the whole surrounding like thunder, suddenly became hot and oppressive, and though wet through and soaked as I was, I began to feel the perspiration on my forehead. It is pretty hard to say now whether I was scared or not, as I really think I felt it more after I was really safe than at the time. The one hasty glance we got was enough, without a word we whirled our boat toward the nearest shore and pulled as I never pulled before; and though we had only a half mile to go, it seemed as if the boat was being ground instead of going forward. About five minutes after we had first seen this cyclone, for such it was, it struck the lake about a half mile or two to our right, and what a sight it was. It seemed to fairly make a clean pathway right through the water, throwing the foam on every side to an immense height, and though the full force struck at this point, the whole lake got it, and for a time I don't think a storm on the Ocean could have been much worse. Our little boat was knocked and battered like a shuttle-cock, taking in buckets of water every jump, and it was only by the united efforts of all that we kept her afloat at all. The clouds came right down to the lake until we were completely enveloped in them, not being able to see scarcely the length of the boat. And then it began to rain. Great Scott! how it did pour down in a perfect sheet, and as we could not see any distance we could only trust in Providence and put for dear life. I pulled till my arms seemed to pull no longer at each stroke, while the boat seemingly stood still right where it was. This, however, was a mistake, for we suddenly heard a rush and wash of water, and before we knew it were landed "high and wet" on shore, and after several hours' walk were telling our story in dry clothes beside a blazing fire to our landlady, who had given us up, as I now tell the story to you.

Very lovingly, your brother, BERT.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.—An indignant bond clerk in the Baltimore postoffice wants the newspapers to convey to the public his emphatic protest against the latest popular mania—confined as yet to sentimental writers of billet doux —namely, the sticking of postage stamps upon unusual and out-of-the-way parts of envelopes. There is, it seems, a "postage code" of dirtation, and each position of a stamp expresses some particular sentiment. Now, the law allows the stamp to be placed on the envelope anywhere the sender may please. But its position is a matter of importance to the cancelling clerks. "As long," says the Baltimore official, "as the stamps are in the orthodox place—the upper right hand corner—they can work away like bees, and get through quickly, because the motion from the stamp to the letter-pad is a continuous one; but just as soon as they have to hunt around over the letter to find where the stamp is watered, why, they can't get along near so fast. Please hint through your paper that every letter that comes here not stamped with a single stamp in the right hand upper corner we use to make paper chickens of."

A BABY'S grave at Glasgow, Md., received for three years the most careful attention, flowers being constantly planted on it, and the sod always kept in perfect order. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Ellison, each unknown to the other were doing this work of love. Each had lost an infant and supposed this was its grave. Brown erected a tombstone latey, and then a controversy arose, Mrs. Ellison insisting that it must be taken down. The church authorities held several meetings of investigation without reaching any conclusion, and then somebody suggested that a neglected grave near the disputed one be opened. This was done, and Brown conceded that the coffin therein was the one that had enclosed his child. The stone has been removed.

CURED OF DRINKING.—Says a leading railroad officialof Chicago, Ill: "A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which has so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all the burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups: I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it.—*Times*. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

ZACH. HASKINS, a carriage and sign painter, of Charlotte, Michigan, during a fit of drunken vomiting one day last week, threw up a live sun fish, measuring five and three-quarter inches in length. The fish lived several hours, and is now preserved in alcohol.

A THOROUGH and safe remedy is Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. [1-27.-1m]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A birth insurance company has been organized at Laurelton, Berks county.

—Four hundred horses in La Salle, Ill., have been prosfrated by a strange disease.

—A woman of Lebanon, aged 84 years, is insured for $164,000 on the speculative plan.

—Joseph Fahey, of Union, Erie county, died of lockjaw Friday from a toy pistol wound.

—Cardinals Manning and Newman were among the specialy invited mourners to Dean Stanley's funeral.

—A volcanic eruption is taking place near the South Fork of the Clearwater, twenty miles from Mount Idaho.

—The people drove Clemens out of Terry, Ala., because he took a second wife three days after the death of his first.

—The widow of ex-President Millard Fillmore died in Buffalo, New York, last Thursday night, at the age of 71 years.

—John Evans cut Thomas Johnson in the head with an ax and killed him, at Omaha, Neb., for living with Evans's wife.

—The Lebanon Shakers number 350, two-thirds of whom are women and girls, and their property is valued at $1,500,000.

—Maud S. the famous trotter, made a mile in 2.10¼, at Rochester, Thursday, beating her own record by ¼ of a second.

—A spring has been discovered in Lawrence county, near Carbon, that emits a bluish flame when a light is applied to it.

—A brand-new baby in North Carolina rejoices in the devoted supervision of three great-grandfathers and two great-grandmothers.

—A flash of lightning caused an explosion of flour dust and the utter destruction of the Atlantic Flouring Mills in St. Louis on Friday night.

—A three line advertisement in a Washington evening paper for a lady to do copying at $5 a week, is said to have brought 215 applications.

—A single grape vine at Cajon, Cal., bears five tons of fruit, the weight of which has broken down the sturdy oak tree on which the vine climbs.

—David H. Trexler, a former wealthy business man of Williamsport, committed suicide on Saturday by hanging. Attributed to religious excitement.

—The first arrest made by a colored policeman created as much excitement in the streets of Philadelphia as Barnum's circus. It was of a white inebriate.

—Sylvester Le Volee is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, mind-mannered boy of 11 at Jamestown, N. Y., yet he deliberately shot a baby because it annoyed him with its crying.

—Robert Land, a young man, committed suicide not far from Harrisonburg, Va., by shooting himself in the breast with a musket loaded with buckshot, which tore his heart out.

—Mr. Nicholas Smith, the husband of one of Horace Greeley's daughters, is acknowledged to be the prettiest man in America. It is said he is a love of a fellow, and no mistake.

—The marauding Apaches in New Mexico have killed twenty persons since they took to the war path. A rumor that they had captured Silver City and massacred the inhabitants in denied.

—Dr. George Nickel, of Brownsville, Washington county, has left for parts unknown to escape the wrath of his neighbors, who threatened to lynch him for cruelty to his young wife.

—On Monday last, John Allguire shot and killed a colored man named Fred. Green, who, it seems, had lived at Grand Haven, Mich., with Allguire's mother. She is a white woman.

—Two Iowa farmers have been at law for a long while over the ownership of some calves that long since became beef. The costs already incurred amount to $2300, and the end is not yet.

—John Savage, a railroad contractor up about Newburgh, N. Y., found a rich vein of iron ore on his mountain lands, and has become so crazy over it that he had to be taken to the asylum in irons.

—The Parnell branch of the Irish Land League of Cincinnati passed resolutions severely condemning Irishmen who favor the use of dynamite or other Nihilist methods to get rid of landlords.

—Jay Cooke has just found out and sent to a private asylum, with orders that she be made comfortable, one Sarah Marshall, who lost her money and reason in the panic to which his failure gave the start.

—Charles Boynton, of Portland, Me., shot his wife, his sister-in-law and himself on Saturday. Boynton died instantly and Mrs. Sidney Dow cannot recover. Mrs. Boynton escaped by jumping from a window.

—The Pope is said to consider the speeches made at the recent meeting in Rome urging the abolition of the Papal guarantees as a greater offense to the Church than the disturbances at the removal of the remains of Pius IX.

—A wife at Massillon, Ohio, eloped with her husband's brother. The husband followed them to Black river, whipped the brother, got a bullet in return, cursed the pair in the presence of a street crowd, and went home alone.

—Stella Crane, aged 12 years, was shot dead on Friday night, in Newark, N. J., by a toy pistol given her as a "*surfeit*" by a lover. She did not know that it was loaded with ball cartridge. The bullet passed square through the girl's brain.

—Hugh Brandt tied a fifty pound rock about his neck and filled his pockets with stones and drowned himself in about three and a half feet of water in the Mohawk, at Cohoes. He had been unable to obtain work and was very despondent.

—Twenty years ago W. J. Palmer was a clerk under Thomas A. Scott, in the Pennsylvania railroad office at Philadelphia. He is now the executive head of the Rio Grande and the Mexican national system, owned by two separate companies, but under one head.

—Ferdinand Pitcher, 10 years of age, son of George Pitcher, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's barn, in the township of Newport, Quebec. Having been asked by his mother to lay the taole for supper, he ran out of the house and hanged himself.

—James Wetherell, a widower, aged seventy, and Margaret Doherty, a widow, aged fifty, were married at Ottawa on Wednesday night. A party of roughs started a charivari and were driven away by Wetherell, who followed them and was killed by one of the gang.

—In President township, Venango county, on Thursday, two children were bitten by a rattlesnake and died soon afterward. The mother ran to their assistance as soon as they were bitten, and while absent from the house another child upset a pot of boiling water and was scalded to death.

—Perhaps the largest pasture in the world is the property of Mr. Taylor Maullin, on the border of Texas, having forty miles of rock fence on one side, and yet requiring two hundred more to inclose it; the owner expects to raise one thousand tons of oats upon it and to feed one hundred thousand head of cattle.

—James and Walter Malley, nephew and son of Edward Malley, of New Haven, Conn., were arrested on Monday morning charged with the murder of Jennie E. Cramer. They were committed without bail for one week, and taken to the county jail. The authorities will not divulge any new evidence they may have.

—Christiana Taylor, an old colored woman, arrested for the murder of a little boy and girl, aged respectively 3 and 6 years, on the Fisher farm, in the District of Columbia, last Saturday, has confessed the crime. She assigned no motive for the deed, saying: "What I killed them for I don't know. The devil got into me, so that I could not help doing it."

—At Northampton, Mass., on Sunday 10,000 people gathered to witness the laying of the corner-stone of a Catholic church, opposite Smith college, by Bishop O'Reilly. In the afternoon there was a procession of all the local societies headed by a band, and special trains were run on the railroads. The Bishop preached in the morning and confirmed 370 children.

—The Philadelphia *Record* states that the freight traffic over the Pennsylvania Railroad is so great that a blockade is feared. Miles of cars line the tracks, but up to this time the trains have been moved with remarkable dispatch, and beyond a delay of 30 minutes on Thursday, owing to the crowded condition of the tracks, there have been no serious detentions.

—A fire on Tuesday last destroyed the machine shops of the Reading iron works at Reading, Pa. Loss, $20,000. The entire works have suspenned operation in consequence, throwing 900 men out of employment. Charles Steffe, Newton Bryron and John Bryson, members of the Junior Fire Company, were hurled to the ground by the breaking of a ladder and seriously injured.

—The Pottsville *Chronicle* says that last October Isaac Buechler, of Pinegrove township, sold nine sheep to a man near Myerstown, Lebanon county. A few days ago two of the old ones returned to their former home accompanied by two lambs. Mr. Buechler found his old brand on them. These sheep had to cross the Blue Mountains and travel a distance of twenty miles.

—Major Daniel, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, has a pale and beardless face and a boyish expression, reminding one of Byron. He is said to be a very chivalric person, and it is related that he left school with a room-mate, who was expelled for some violation of rule, because, though not guilty of the same offense, he was present and in full sympathy with the offender.

—The body of a man named Hugh McVay was found on Sunday morning in the Allegheny river, near the foot of Fifth street Pittsburg, with several ugly gashes on the head. McVay was last seen alive about nine o'clock Saturday night. It is supposed that he was robbed and murdered, as he was known to have had a considerable amount of money on his person, and when found the money was all gone.

—A pin-making ghost is the latest sensation in Baltimore. The sprinkling begins early in the night, so the rumor goes and continues for several hours. The singular part of the affair is that the pins come from only one part of the ceiling of the front room on the first floor, and that is directly over the door. Wednesday night between two hundred and three hundred persons were congregated in the vicinity.

—Alphonse Choose, formerly of Quebec, but latterly residing in the United States, took a train on Saturday to return to his old home via Richmond. His wife, who was in a precarious condition, died on the cars. Six miles further on his little child, who accompanied him, expired in his arms. He conveyed the remains of both mother and child to River du Loup on Monday, where the family reside, for interment.

—George J. West, a Providence lawyer, who was one of the Rhode Island delegates to the Irish convention in Chicago and is indorsed by the Providence *Journal* as a trustworthy man, says that the convention was very harmonious and contained a large number of prominent Irish-American citizens. He denies that the convention had any sympathy with O'Donovan Rossa, or any inclination to try dynamite methods, although they do not believe that Ireland can be freed by peaceful agitation.

—A twelve-year-old daughter of Benjamin Fitterling was roasted to death on Monday morning, in Brecknock township, Berks county. She used coal oil in starting a slow fire. The can bursted, and explosion followed, and the girl was instantly enveloped in flames. She died in great torture and agony in her mother's presence, the mother having also been severely burned in trying to smother the flames. The child had frequently seen her parents using the oil in the same manner. The house was destroyed.

—A Washington dispatch says that Guiteau's autobiography, now complete, contains about 100,000 words. It will not be published nor used in Court in its present shape. Some parts of it will never see the light. One portion of it relates to the ruin of his wife in Philadelphia before their marriage, and another to various scandals about public men of both parties. Guiteau thinks it is to be published in full, with pictures and autographs of himself and Colonel Corkhill, and a photograph of the jail. Half a dozen publishers have applied for it. One offers a hundred thousand dollars and 25 per cent. royalty. He estimates the probable sales of the first edition at 250,000. Of course no publisher will get it.

—A coal oil lamp exploded in Oppenheimer's store in Bedford, about 9:45 on Friday night last, and in a few minutes the store room was on fire, and nearly all the goods therein destroyed. The flames spread rapidly, and consumed Oppenheimer's building, the Fisher house adjoining, and a dwelling belonging to a Mr. Hartley. The hand engine belonging to the Bedford fire department was inadequate in extinguishing the flames, and the Silsby engine at Everett was telegraphed for and an engine and car sent from Bedford. It arrived about 12:30, and got the flames under control in a short time. The loss on hotel and store, belonging to Mr. Oppenheimer, is estimated at $35,000; no insurance. Mr. Hartley's dwelling was insured for $6,000, which covers the loss.

—A most deliberate suicide was committed in Philadelphia on Saturday. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon a man was seen walking leisurely along the south walk of the Market street bridge spanning the Schuylkill. He gazed at the sparkling flood beneath him and then removed his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, dropped the hat and vaulted over the railing into the river, just under the centre span. The bridge watchman and several others who witnessed the act rushed to the spot, where the suicidal jump had been taken in the expectation that the man would come to the surface of the river again, but only a few bubbles rose to tell of the tragedy. The Schuylkill harbor police grappled from two small boats over the river but until 7o'clock in the evening, and then succeeded in recovering the corpse near Sansom street wharf, inflicting that the tide had been running with great rapidity.

—A horrible accident occurred in Lancaster on Monday evening, from the effects of which the victim, Mr. Daniel Stauffer, died. Mr. Stauffer resided at No. 338 Harrisburg avenue, and his stable adjoins his property on James street. Between 5 and 6 o'clock he went to his stable for the purpose of feeding a fill-up mare. The door of the stable was boarded with loose boards, and while Mr. Stauffer was on the loft he stepped on the end of one of these boards and fell down upon the mare. It is supposed that the animal at once began to kick, for when he was found, shortly afterwards, Mr. Stauffer's ribs were broken and he had a number of cuts about the neck and face. The horse was standing upon the loft and it was with great difficulty the injured man was removed, the animal kicking at everybody who came within reach. Deceased was about thirty-five years of age and leaves a wife and four children.

CLINGING FOR LIFE.—The Elmira (N. Y.) *Gazette* says that about ten o'clock Sunday morning Mr. Tinsman, the station agent at Slate Hill, on the Erie Railroad, observed an engine pulling at a high rate of speed. Clinging to the coupling-pin in the rear of the tender was a little boy about eight or ten years of age. The Middletown *Press* says that the little fellow was in an exceedingly perilous position, and should he lose his hold or be shaken, would almost certainly have been killed. Mr. Tinsman saw the child's peril. The engine was then past him and could not be stopped, but with rare presence of mind he turned to the telegraph office and sent messages to Johnson's, the next station, and to Westown, further on, ordering them to flag the engine and remove the child. He also sent a message to the general office at Jersey City, which repeated the message along the line. It was received at Johnson's just in time and the engine was stopped. With anxious hearts they stepped to the rear of the tender and found the adventurous little traveler still in his place, unharmed. He was sent back to his home, at Middletown, on the milk train.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—To wait until you are down on your bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptoms by using Parker's Ginger Tonic. It costs only a trifle, can never do any harm, and possesses curative properties in the highest degree. We have known hundreds of pale-sick, sickliest looking men, women and children become the roslest and healthiest, from the timely use of this pure family medicine. See advertisement in another column.—*Observer*. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg. [7-22.-1m.]

A WASHINGTON special to the New York *Graphic* says the universal sympathy felt for Mrs. Garfield in her present affliction will be greatly heightened by the knowledge of the fact that she again expects to become a mother about the end of November next. The health

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUG. 19, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Senior prefects hot spells for September.

—The jail contains twenty-eight cells and two prisoners.

—Don't forget to buy your fruit jars and rubbers at Barkers'.

—Deaths from small-pox is the sum total up to date that Johnstown is willing to acknowledge.

—Those boys' shoes in Barkers' bargain counter at 50 cents per pair are great bargains and are selling rapidly.

—The law office of A. V. Barker, Esq., Reade block, has been lately papered, scrubbed, and otherwise rejuvenated.

—Owing to the low water in the reservoir, the steam engine has been running night and day this week at the water-works.

—A 50 per cent. dividend was declared at a meeting of the creditors of Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt, held in Altoona on Thursday last.

—All the hotels here, together with a number of private houses in both town and country, continue to be crowded with guests.

—Mr. Julius Weil, of Hollidaysburg, was in this section last week, buying up wool. Weil and coal seem to have an affinity for each other.

—A row broke into the garden attached to the Cambria House the other night and played the deuce with the cabbage and other green things.

—You can buy Warner's celebrated Coraline Corset at Barkers'. Try one of them and you will use no other, as they are the very best made.

—The barn of Simon Deal, near Pezzle, town, Blair county, was struck by lightning and burned last week, and with the contents entirely destroyed.

—Call at Barkers' and see their sewing machines. They have no agent's profits to pay and consequently can sell you a machine cheaper than any one else.

—Mr. Thiel, of the Mountain House, is trying to effect arrangements for the building of a big summer hotel here in time for the "opening" next season.

—The Westmoreland county fair will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 27th, and the Indiana county fair on Tuesday, October 4th, each to continue for four days.

—The Decalion of the Forty Hours' Devotion at the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, on Sunday, Aug. 28th, and at St. Augustine on Sunday, Sept. 18th.

—A well-defined case of scarlet fever is reported in the east end of town. Measures, we doubt not, have been taken by those interested to prevent the spread of the disease.

—Once a year prevents its return, it will be absolute neglect of duty to be without it. Therefore always keep a bottle in your cupboard.

—Wanted, in clothing business, an honest and industrious young man who has had experience in the store. Must come well recommended. Address P. O. Box 1012, Altoona, Pa.

—The deserted village of Beulah, two miles west of town, is putting forth some pretensions as a summer resort. Two private picnic parties wandered amongst its ruins the present week.

—The name of the summer postoffice, Somerset, has recently been changed to Holsopple. It was doubtless done under the belief that Zimmer didn't sound well to the ear and the other name did!

—Daniel McCarty, a policeman of Latrobe, was struck on the head on Saturday night while making an arrest, and had his skull fractured. Four persons have been arrested on suspicion of committing the act.

—A gold necklace and cross bearing the initials "J. F.," were lost by a little girl in this place either on Monday or Tuesday last. The finder will confer a favor and merit a reliable reward by leaving it at this office.

—Our young friend Paul R. Fenlon, third son of Hon. John Fenlon, of this place, who with his elder brother, John M., is employed in the P. R. R. Car Record office, Philadelphia, tarried over Sunday with "the old folks at home."

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have a job lot of corsets that they are offering at a bargain. One style is selling at 25 cents, and another at 50 cents, both of which are less than half-price. Of corset is to your interest to buy a corset now.

—Recorder Gregg and family, of Altoona, came to town last Saturday evening. They were to be off on the bosom of the health-giving breezes, which are popularly supposed to constantly lurk in this greatly favored part of God's green earth.

—Prothonotary Gates on Tuesday received sad news that his father-in-law, who lived in Clearfield county, a short distance north of the Cambria county line, had died the day preceding. We did not learn the old gentleman's name.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have a full line of black cashmere at all prices from 50 cents to $150 per yard, all of which are not only greatly reduced in price, but are guaranteed to be lower than the same quality of goods can be bought anywhere else.

—"I have suffered beyond endurance." My life has been a burden to me." "I have been denied the pleasures of society." "Ease and comfort while using Parker's Ginger Tonic." Sold by druggists. Large bottles, $1. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

—Salisbury, Indiana county, is a local option town, where no intoxicating drinks are sold. Of course, all things didn't go to Cain. A to any appreciable extent but said to have been awfully rough on the storekeepers.

—Timothy O'Leary, of Clearfield township, this county, has an eight-months-old pig which has no tail. The tail and twelve inches from the root were bitten off in a fight with a dog. The pig is now the proud possessor of a natural length and the other hogs tender sympathies.

—The wife of Mr. John D. Hughes, of Johnstown, has been stricken by small-pox. Mr. Hughes formerly lived in Ebensburg, and many friends here of himself and family hope that a fatal result may not follow.

—We are glad to learn from the Altoona *Tribune* that our genial friend and generous patron, George W. Yeager, when that paper calls the "early bird," has almost entirely recovered from a recent severe illness which at one time threatened his life.

—A railroad employe named Albert Horner was thrown from a train on Saturday morning near Somers this county, and was instantly killed. His head was severed from his body. He was aged about 26 years and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

—It is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

—After a week's absence in camp at Saltsburg, our home military organization (Co. A, 12th regiment, N. G. P.) returned home Tuesday night. Both officers and men were in good condition and report having had a very satisfactory time. The name of the place was "Camp Vincent."

—It is given as a positive fact that frost was observed on the ground by early risers at Johnstown on Monday last. That unless, or, who foretold the coming of a cold wave about this time, blaming it all on the circumstance of the close proximity of the comet of 1881, seems to be hitting it pretty fair.

—The list of applicants for transportation to the painters' picnic at Bedford reached the list size, and went in on Monday, and since then flirts several more knockdown on Tuesday, with some chance for admittance, and eight others on Wednesday, for whom no provision will be made.

—The Somerset and Cambria railroad has been recently new and quite a profitable connection between somerset and Lockport. Large piles of laurel roots are stacking up at the latter point for shipment. Forty tons are obtained for the roots, and are manufactured into pipes, mallet heads, &c.

—No practice was indulged in Thursday of last week and Monday of the present week by the soldiers at Camp Vincent. The encampment, counting by regiments, was over, while Co. A made the best score of the fifth regiment on this occasion. We are in saying that Co A is our own home military organization.

—Joe Van Ormer, of Reade township, died on Tuesday. He reports everybody in his neck o'woods, with the exception that all vegetation is being killed through lack of rain. He says that showers which inside two weeks have skipped Reade township and parts of Cambria, went round by way of the Susquehanna river.

—The special train from Pittsburgh made its usual weekly trip last Saturday, and it is a fact that the number of passengers who came here was in excess of those who got off at Cresson. Some of both parties forgot to bring their overcoats along, and as a consequence were somewhat uncomfortable.

—A teamster named Bear was so badly injured on Tuesday of last week by his team backing over an embankment, while engaged with others in hauling the camp equipage from the railroad station to Camp Vincent, that he died a few hours afterward. The deceased was a resident of Saltsburg and leaves a family.

—The new Cort House continues to be pushed vigorously forward to completion. The brick work is nearly finished, and during the present week the job of surmounting the walls with a galvanized-iron moulding has been in progress. Should the weather prove favorable, the structure will be under roof a week hence.

—"The Sheridan Troop" of Tyrone returned to their homes from Camp Vincent by rail. It will be remembered they went thither on horseback, and after spending Monday night in this place, resumed their journey next morning and accomplished the entire distance (about 35 miles) the same day, going into camp on Tuesday evening.

—The Prindeville camp-meeting near Wilmore station, this county, opened to-day (Friday), and will continue until Sunday, August 27th. Excursion rates have been secured from Tyrone west and Greensburg east, and including all stations between those places and also embracing Hollidaysburg and Cresson via narrow gauge.

—The elegant choir connected with St. John's Church, Altoona, have kindly consented to give a grand concert at Gallitzin, on Saturday evening of next week, for the benefit of St. Patrick's church. Among the most delightful features of the entertainment will be a full string of several fine vocal selections by Miss Ella Haas, a soprano of acknowledged merit.

—Mr. Charles Flick, of Loretto, offers himself as a candidate for County Commissioner on the Democratic ticket, as will be seen by his card printed elsewhere. We have not heard the Republican or Democracy called into question, and we are sure that as a member of the Poor Board a year or two ago he made a record for economy that was simply unsurpassable.

—Soldiers' orphans desiring to attend the re-union at Harrisburg, August 24th, 25th and 26th, can obtain orders for excursion tickets, at reduced rates, by applying to W. C. Eaom, or addressing Box 1270, Altoona P. O. The rates are very low, and there will be reduced rates of entertainment. It is desired that all who can will attend.

—Mr. D. D. Morrell, manager of the Cambria Iron Company's farm at Hendricks' Blair county, with the aid of ten employees, cut and shocked the present season 250 tons of hay, and the yield of wheat, on 25 acres, all within a period of twenty days. The cost of cutting the hay was seventy-five cents per ton, and of the wheat $1.50 per acre.

—We neglected to state last week, when for the first time we learned of the fact, that there was no truth whatever in the story first published by the Altoona *Tribune* to the effect that a gentlemen who was himself deceived about the bones in the body of Miss Annie Kerr, the young lady who was recently killed by lightning at Loretto, having been reduced to the consistency of jelly.

—Daniel Cole a peddler, who boarded at a place which is known as the "Three Culverts," Cambria county, on the night of May last, was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning last. He had been on a prolonged debauch and the verdict of the Coroner's jury was that he came to his death from the effects of intemperance. He was about thirty-five years of age and unmarried.

—Altoona's *Sunday Morning Morning*, was distributed around in Ebensburg on last Sunday, and Aleck Foster, the local scent, informs us he sold seventy-one copies. *Sunday Morning*, however, is mistaken in saying that Mr. Shenk has the contract for building the nunnery and parochial house. Mr. Richard J. Tibbott is the contractor, and expects to have the annex finished and ready for occupancy early next month.

—Mr. A. Pringle, eldest son of Mr. Joseph Pringle, of Croyle township, recently returned from Oswego, Kansas, where he had been living for about three months, and has no desire to return, having contracted malarial fever and chills while there, which reduced his weight in less than five weeks from 176 to 132 pounds a falling off which is entirely too much to agree with any man's wholesome.

—The members of the engineer corps who have been operating west of this point on that experimental railroad line, went home for some other field of usefulness on last Tuesday evening. Four members of the corps who located the route eastward toward Cresson still remain with us, and it is understood the work they are engaged on is the committing to paper the result of their labors in the shape of maps, &c.

—Mr. J. McGough, formerly of this county, has leased the Arlington House, Altoona, heretofore conducted since the death of her husband by Mrs. Robert Black, efficiently assisted by our friend R. H. Thompson, and will take possession on the 1st of next month. Mr. Thompson's worth, we understand, is to return here preparatory to the acceptance of a soft at somewhere else. All parties have our best wishes.

—Our good friend, Mr. Joseph Pringle, of Croyle township, who not only grows the best apples, but as a rule obtains a larger yield than any other farmer in that section of the county, tells us that he will have between three and four hundred bushels this year, which is nearly three hundred bushels less than his last year's crop, but still a very handsome showing, considering that this is an off-year for apples all over.

—Wm. D. Pryce, Jr., a son of Mr. William D. Pryce, of Cambria township, died at his residence in Red Oak, Iowa, last Sunday. His age was about 30 years. The deceased paid his parents, relatives and friends a visit last Spring, when he seemed to be in the enjoyment of good health. He was a brother of Dr. R. W. Pryce, of Iowa City, Iowa, who died a couple of years ago, and also of our townsman Mr. David Pryce.

—The preparations for the coming printers' picnic will be on a scale marvellously grand, saith the Altoona *Sun*. Port Crawford of the Huntingdon *Inquirer*, has already purchased a blue muslin coat, and our own Rupley will have his olive suit washed for the occasion, and perhaps have his plug hat retrimmed. George Akers, if he attends, will have new buttons put on his shoes, and the *Telegrapher* folks will all wear white neckties.

—It is reported that Dr. Sloan, of Chest Springs borough, has been stricken down by small-pox. He professionally attended Miss Maguire, the young lady who died in that place a couple of weeks ago of that loathsome disease, and from her doubtless received the seeds of the small-pox himself. Later.—P. S.—Since putting the above in type we learn that two young sons of Doctor Sloan, aged respectively about 12 and 14 years, have contracted the disease and are very ill.

—The Catholics of Wilmore and vicinity will hold a picnic to-morrow (Saturday) in a delightful grove in the vicinity, and the necessary arrangements have been made for the stopping of all trains at that point. The proceeds of the picnic are of course to be applied to church purposes, and no one who attends will ever have cause to regret the money or time spent among the hospitable people of that vicinity, who never fail to provide bountifully and of the very best for the comfort and entertainment of their guests.

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

—About an early hour on Friday morning last, a young man named James Munday, while attempting to board a moving freight train at the upper end of the Altoona yard, met with an accident which resulted in his death soon after. His left leg was torn off at the knee and his right leg was crushed both above and below the knee. His age was about 22 years, and was buried in St. John's (Catholic) cemetery, Altoona, on Sunday morning, the funeral taking place from the residence of his brother in-law, Mr. Patrick McCann.

—It is said that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is about to introduce a new and neat arrangement for notifying passengers of the name of the station they are approaching. At either end of the cars is to be placed a small case containing a piece of muslin or canvas on rollers, upon which is painted in legible letters the names of all the stations on the road. By a lever on the locomotive the pedestrian, on leaving a station, will change the indicator so as to show the next stopping place It is a neat and convenient affair.

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Sun* says that Miss Mollie Quinn, who, we presume, is a daughter of Mr Jas. Quinn, a prominent business man of that place, came to Loretto, this county, on Sunday last, for the purpose of entering as a postulant the order of the Sisters of Mercy, at St. Aloysius convent. Sister Mary Benedict, who formerly resided in Altoona, but who has been an inmate of St. Joseph's convent, this place, for some time past, has taken her departure for Columbus, Ohio, where she is to have charge of a church choir.

—Some three years ago the Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* noted as a most singular and unaccountable freak of nature, a child in that place, then two years old, that was never known to sleep. The boy is now a fine, healthy-looking lad of five years, and yet, singular to say, never sleeps. The parents, when they retire at night, leave the boy in a lighted chamber, where he plays and amuses himself through the long, dreary hours. This is certainly a rare and peculiar disease—one that should interest the medical fraternity. The parents of the lad are both intelligent and reliable, the father being a teacher in one of the public schools.

—Another convincing exemplication of the fact that a newspaper man stands about as good chance to be struck by lightning as he does to receive a nomination from the political party whose course he espouses and whose candidates could never be elected without his support, has just been afforded by the experience of our amiable and intelligent friend Joe W. Furey, assistant editor of the *Bellefonte Watchman*. Heedless of the ill luck which attended ourself and others of the craft, friend Joe cast a wistful glance at the Democratic nomination for Register and Recorder of Centre county, but alas for the editor's expectations! some other fellow, perhaps less deserving, carried off the prize.

—An examination of teachers for the public schools of this borough was held in the Union school building by County Superintendent Shaver last Tuesday, morning and afternoon. The class comprised eleven members. The same evening the Board of Directors held a meeting and selected the same corps that taught last Winter, with the single exception of principal. Professor Lyte, it will be remembered, resigned that position after he had been elected to it, for the purpose of engaging in other business, and the vacancy was filled by the selection of Mr. Charles A. Riddle, of Pittsburgh. The latter gentleman is a graduate of the Indiana Normal school, and comes highly recommended as an educator. We seldom the names of the teachers and their respective salaries per month, Principal, Mr. Riddle, $70; no. 2, Mrs. L. H. Linton, $50; no. 3, Miss Lizzie Jones, $55; no. 4, Miss Allie Lloyd, $55; no. 5, Miss Bessie Lloyd, $25. The date for the opening of the schools has not been fixed, but it will not be later than the first Monday in October. There being no application for janitor, that position was left vacant and applications for the same are in order.

—ALL ABOUT A STOLEN HORSE.—What was known as Forepaugh's circus pitched its tents in Ebensburg on the 2d of last May. The same day, a stranger—doubtless a hanger-on of the show—made his appearance in town with a horse for sale. He found a purchaser in the person of Mr. Mosey, a Cambria township stock raiser and dealer, the sum of $60 being paid for the animal and its accompanying saddle and bridle. Some weeks afterward, Mr. McKay took a drove of cattle eastward, and upon his arrival in Huntingdon county, he was met by the information that the mule (for the horse spoken of above) had been stolen from a Mr. Moore, of McAlevy's Fort, Huntingdon county, on the night of May 1st. Instead of pursuing the obviously proper course of hunting up Mr. Moore and returning him his property, Mr. McKay came back to Ebensburg and lodged the horse in the possession of Sheriff Griffith. On Saturday last two Huntingdon officers arrived here and reclaimed the animal, its identity with the lost one being proved beyond a doubt. They also swore a warrant on Mr. McKay on the criminal charge of receiving stolen goods. That gentleman furnished bail, and on Monday of this week, when the Huntingdon Court convened, he repaired to Huntingdon, being accompanied by several witnesses, to repel the impeachment that he is a connector of thieves. We have not yet learned the result of the trial. The stolen horse is said to be worth about $120.

—WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Washington, D. D., writes: "I believe it to all wrong and even sinful for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicine, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust it daily, we could freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend to Hop Bitters as the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing that they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.—*New York Baptist Weekly*. M. L. Oatman is the authorized agent, Ebensburg, for the sale of genuine Hop Bitters.

—A RARE LITERARY TREAT.—"Our First Century" is the title of the most interesting work we have examined for many a day. One needs to see it in order to form an adequate idea of its value. It tells all dry and prosy matter, and takes up such topics *only* as at the time of their occurrence filled the universal heart of the nation. It cannot fail to interest every citizen of the Republic, as the tastes of every class of readers have been admirably consulted. The plan of the work is wholly new, and no matter how many histories one may possess, he will find that the words falls if he would be well posted on the real experiences of all those civic and military leaders who have played such important parts in making our nation what it is—the wonder of the world. This great work contains over one thousand large imperial octavo pages and over one thousand illustrations and portraits on fine calender paper, while its price is a marvel of cheapness considering its contents and the style of its get up. The author is Judge R. M. Devens, of Massachusetts, who is also the author of "Appleton's Commercial and Business Encyclopedia" and several other works of standard merit.

—IMPROVEMENT FOR MIND AND BODY.—For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength-restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns. *Commercial*. [7-22.-1m.]

—KICKED TO DEATH BY A HORSE.—A three-year-old son of Mr. Jonas Stiffler, of Croyle township, near New Germany, met with a shocking accident on Monday last and died from the effects of his injuries on the evening of the following day. The little fellow, it seems, had been riding a horse attached to a plow for several hours during the day, and after the animal had been unhitched, either at dinner or supper time, he was permitted to ride it to water alone and unattended. This as the sequel proved, was a sad mistake, for while going to or returning from the watering-trough the poor little unfortunate either fell or was thrown from the horse's back, and striking the back of its head was kicked in the face with the terrible result stated. Parents and others cannot be too cautious about exposing children of tender years to such imminent peril, and it is to be hoped that the violent death of one so young as was the little victim of this accident, so called, will serve as a warning to all others in the future.

—ANSWER THIS QUESTION.—Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of food, yellow skin, etc., when for 75 cts. E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, which is guaranteed to cure in every instance? [4-1.-e.o.w.ly.

—A RATHER UNFORTUNATE TRIP.—On Saturday last a couple of young gentlemen of this city took their adorables buggy riding to Carrollstown and Chest Springs. The road, the road one of the buggies had a wheel broken and the two ladies were transferred to it, and the two gentlemen occupied the other vehicle, so as to have as little weight as possible in the broken buggy. On their return, however, the buggy containing the young gentlemen suffered the collapse of a wheel, and on getting out one of the gentlemen undertook to lead the horse which was pulling the ladies, when the shafts and fore wheels of the buggy pulled out, leaving the two ladies sitting in the buggy with only the rear half of the running gears. The whole party had to walk to this city from the top of the mountain, but they got things up so the reporters wouldn't get hold of it.—*Altoona Sun*.

—THE only absolute specific we know of for sneezing, snuffling and choking catarrh or head colds is Sanford's Radical Cure, which for the small sum of $1 affords instant relief and invariably cures.—*Medical Times*. [1m.]

—IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [3-18.-10m.]

—MERCHANTS who suffer from Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or Billiousness can be cured by using DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [7-21.-1m.]

—SHERIFF'S SALES.—Sheriff Griffith advertises for sale in the Republican papers and by posters, on Monday, Sept. 5th, proximo, the following described real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Maria Kinney, of, in and to thirty acres of land, twenty of which are cleared, situated in Washington township, and a lot of ground, and a two story frame house and log stable in Summitville borough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of W. W. Jackson and others.

All the right, title and interest of Philip Krug, of, in and to 105 acres, more or less, about 80 acres cleared, in Carroll township, with a two story frame house and frame barn thereon erected. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. A. Shoemaker.

All the right, title and interest of Jane A. and David Rotter, of, in and to a lot of ground, a two story frame house and plank stable in Ebensburg borough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. A. Shoemaker.

All the right, title and interest of Charles Delozier and John Hoover, terre tenant, of, in and to 20 acres of land, about 15 of which are cleared, in Carroll township. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. A. Shoemaker.

All the right, title and interest of Thomas and Augustine Kirkpatrick, terre tenants, and Casper Miller, tenant, of, in and to 77 acres and 48 perch es, about 50 of which are cleared, in Susquehanna township with a one and a-half story plank house and plank barn thereon erected. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. A. Barker & Son, use in case of F. H. Barker.

All the right, title and interest of G. J. Lloyd and Ann Evans, terre tenant, of, in and to a lot of ground and a one story frame house in Ebensburg borough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the executors of David Powell, deceased.

All the right, title and interest of John Phipps and T. Lloyd, of, in and to the following described real estate, all of which is situate in Susquehanna township. No. 1.—A two story plank house, a log house and 100 acres of land, more or less, about 80 acres of which are cleared. No. 2.—A two story frame house, frame barn, and 100 acres of land, more or less, about 90 acres of which are cleared. No. 3.—85 acres and 67 perches, more or less. No. 4.—A two story plank house, stable, and 90 acres of land, more or less, about 45 acres of which are cleared. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Geo. F. Wardle, for use of Porter Kinports.

All the right, title and interest of Rees J. Lloyd, of, in and to the following described real estate: No. 1.—A lot of ground, a two story part stone and part frame dwelling house, four one-story frame buildings, now used respectively as a tin shop, harness shop, meat market and marble shop, together with a frame stable and other outbuildings, situate in Ebensburg borough. No. 2.—One square of ground, 264 feet, in East ward, Ebensburg borough. No. 3.—One square of ground, same size, in West ward, Ebensburg borough. No. 4.—Same No. 2 and 3 as to size and No. 5 as to location, of which 2 acres, more or less, in Cambria township. No. 5.—6 acres, more or less, in Ebensburg borough and Cambria township. No. 6.—100 acres, more or less, in Susquehanna township. No. 7.—Ground in the West ward, Ebensburg borough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Clarinda Evans.

—JOSEPH HOOVER, ESQ., FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—The following correspondence tells its own story, and needs no comment from us:

LORETTO, Aug. 9, 1881.

JOSEPH HOOVER, Esq.—SIR: We, the undersigned citizens of Loretto and vicinity, impressed as we are with the importance of electing two Democratic County Commissioners at the approaching general election whose competency and honesty are beyond all dispute, and believing from our long and intimate personal acquaintance with you that you possess both of these qualifications, respectfully ask you to consent in writing that your name be submitted to the judgment of the Democratic voters of the county at the coming primary election for the office above named.

Very respectfully yours,

F. O'Farrell,	James J. Kaylor,
F. D. Sanno,	H. T. O'Friel,
Joseph Bengele,	Thomas O'Brien,
Felix Beck,	Chas. R. Adelsperger,
J. C. Cleary,	W. J. Eatinger,
John Moran,	Hugh Driscoll,
George Rudiye,	W. J. Rock,
C. F. O'Donnell,	J. T. Hutchison,
M. P. Thomas,	F. B. Reninger,
Joseph Griffin,	Alex. J. Buck,
A. J. Oberlitz,	A. J. Sinnamon,
George Lenz,	J. C. Sinnamon,
M. F. McDonald,	P. Flick,
John F. McConnell,	F. Willebrand, and many others.

ALLEGHENY TWP., Aug. 12, 1881.

Messrs. F. O'Neal, Wm. Litzinger, Wm. J. Rock, Jos. Washburn, Jas. J. Kaylor, C. F. Sanno, Hugh Driscoll, C. F. O'Donnell, A. J. Christy, M. F. McDonald, and others:

GENTS—In reply to your courteous and flattering request to permit my name to go before my fellow Democrats of Cambria county for the office of County Commissioner, I need scarcely assure you that it is entirely foreign to my nature, but as I am certain to become a candidate and think this is the free and unsolicited act of so many and such worthy friends and neighbors as I know you all to be, I feel in duty bound to comply with your wish. I therefore at your earnest request, desiring as I do to merit your continued approval, submit my name to the Democracy of the county for the position named, and if elected shall endeavor to discharge the good they have given me and my friends, firmly believing that they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.—*New York Baptist Weekly*. M. L. Oatman is the authorized agent, Ebensburg, for the sale of genuine Hop Bitters.

—AN INTERESTING LETTER.—We print on our second page a very interesting letter written by our old friend, Maj. G. Nelson Smith, for the Saltsburg *Press*, and published in last week's issue of that paper. The editor, after alluding to the letter, and stating that the writer is an old resident of the city and vicinity of Saltsburg, gives this sketch of his life, which is particularly interesting to many of our readers and other residents of Cambria county:

Sixty years ago he was a young man looking forward to the great future that is now being realized. He descended the Ohio river in one of the boats used in the construction of the old Pennsylvania Canal and steered the first boat that passed from Pittsburgh to Johnstown, the Adam Brooks. Afterward he was captain and ran the Pioneer packet through from Pittsburgh to Johnstown, afterward serving in several government capacities. In the spring of 1836 he embarked in the Texas service. The Texan War pending he enlisted in the command of General Toal, and after the conflict in Texas was terminated returned to Kentucky, and there participated in an arduous contract of slacking the Kentucky river. About this time, the war with Mexico broke out, and he obtained a Government situation, which he filled with honor to himself and credit to his country. After this brilliant military career, the country was compelled, he returned to Johnstown, Pa., and established the *Echo* a number of years successfully,—to the breaking out of the Rebellion he sold his paper, and his patriotic fire kindling, he again found his way into the ranks of his country's defenders. This time the position of Paymaster was conferred on him, which he filled until the close of the war. After retiring from the perilous scenes of the battle field, he secluded himself to a private life, and has made Philadelphia his home, and is engaged as reporter and correspondent of a leading journal in that city. A secondary object in travelling in that city, is obtaining traditions and reminiscences of his early recollections.

—TRIBUTE TO HON. JOHN DEAN.—The Huntingdon *Monitor* of last week, pays the following well-deserved tribute to Hon. John Dean, the Presiding Judge of this district, and we are sure that everybody will endorse the sentiment:

"Judge Dean was chosen in 1871, and his term will expire on the first Monday of January. Public sentiment, voiced by the written request of the Bar of all parties in the three counties, has decided that Judge Dean receive a renomination, and in this result, believing that where a judge is honest, faithful, able and non-partisan, and in the full bloom of mental power, he should be continued on the bench. Judge Dean does not want, nor does he yield him neither false nor undeserved praise, when we declare that, for several years past, he has been a fair, able, honest and courteous minister of justice. We have watched with care his judicial career, and now in the calmness and quiet of truthful review, we find in it much to approve, but little to condemn. Having presided for years under embarrassing circumstances, Young in years, he was to be the successor of Judge Taylor, to hold a term succeeding the electrifying storm of the people, and whose abilities were rare, and in some respects, matchless. Severe comparisons were to be expected—but they have been met and prudently borne, until they have disappeared before the force of acknowledged merit. We regard Judge Dean to-day as among the very ablest and best Common Pleas Judges in the State. We feel that he has justly earned a re-election by the people, irrespective of party; and it is our sincere desire to see the fidelity of his official life rewarded by a generous and unanimous approval. *He should not be made—as he is not in fact—the candidate of a party.* He is the nominee of the people—and as such, the Democracy should endorse him.—Leaders of parties will act wisely, and do Judge Dean a real service, by heeding this suggestion.

—HAY FEVER.—Messrs. White & Burdick, Druggists, Ithaca, N. Y.—I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to relieve all persons suffering with Rose Cold and Hay Fever. I have been a sufferer from the same complaints, have had no relief by using the Cream Balm. I have recommended it to many of my friends for Catarrh, and in all cases where they have used the Balm freely have been cured. T. KENNEY, Dry Goods Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1880.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 23, 1880.—I have suffered for eight years with Hay Fever during July, August and September. In the beginning of July, this year, I resorted to Ely's Cream Balm, and have been entirely free from the Fever since the first application. I can recommend it as a cure. EDWARD C. HILLMAN, at the New Jersey State Arsenal. Price 50 cents. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR SEPTEMBER is brimful of attractions. The steel plate is "Love and Duty," designed by Darley, and illustrating Dickens' "Dutiful Son," or "Young Mutual Friend." The Colored Fashion Plate and the other numerous illustrations of the latest fashions are exceptionally good. Jas. B. Marshall contributes a story of great interest entitled "Ashton's Acquaintance," and there is in addition the usual budget of short stories, poems and sketches, and a Diagram Pattern for the latest style of an early autumn wrap for ladies. Any of our readers who do not take the Lady's Book can be supplied, promptly, by leaving their orders at this office. We will furnish our own paper and the Lady's Book for the low price of $3.00 per annum. The publishers agree to start a subscription with any month you may select.

—TRIAL LIST FOR SEPTEMBER.—The following named causes have been set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, Sept. 5th:

FIRST WEEK.

Roberts & Son	vs. Seymore.
Lovell	vs. Dwyer.

SECOND WEEK.

Christy	vs. Downey.
Gochenour	vs. Gochenour.
Harker	vs. McGonigle's Ex'rs.
White	vs. Martin & Co.
Collins	vs. Heist.
Com. use of Bole	vs. Williams.
Ned	vs. C. F. U. Ins. Co.
Boland	vs. Smith, Boland's Adm.
Martin, Adm'r	vs. Carmichael.
Bradley	vs. Risban.
Jacoby & Rose	vs. Slick.
Bell	vs. Hartman.
Glass	vs. Kennedy.
Bracken	vs. Haller.
Berry	vs. Jones.
Blough	vs. Speichers.
Yeagley	vs. Som. & Cam. R.R. Co.
Cover	vs. Same.
Brown, et. al	vs. Same.
Foster et. ux	vs. Same.
Madden's use	vs. Woodvale Sch'l Dist.

A WOMAN possessed of great virtue
Said, "Hubby, put on a clean shirt, you
Dirty big villain,
Or else I'll be spillin'
You out of the window and hurt you."

The foregoing was the result of an effort to concoct a rhyme for the word "virtue." It is quite ingenious, but in point of practical importance is not to be compared with the information contained in cold prose that Godfrey Wolf, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, is just in receipt of the biggest and best invoice of hot weather wear received by him this season. The goods comprising this invoice have all been tested in Blair county street, Johnstown. What you propose there will not only be good, but it likewise will be cheap—considerably cheaper than the same quality of goods can be purchased elsewhere. Give him a trial and you will never regret it.

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7.'81.-1y.]

—NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have this day purchased from Chas. E. Hatch, of Allegheny township, the following described property, to wit: 1 two-year-old heifer, 1 yearling bull, about 5 tons of hay and 40 bushels oats. Any person meddling or otherwise interfering with said property will be held to legal account. ANNIE E. SPEIZER.
Gallitzin, Pa., Aug. 19, 1881.-3t*

—EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of FREDERICK YINGLING, dec'd. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of Fred'k Yingling, late of Dean township, deceased, that payment must be made without delay to the undersigned, to whom letters testamentary on said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
DENNIS CAWLEY, Executor.
Dean Twp., Aug. 19, 1881.-6t.*

—FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—P. NOONAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Moran, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [5-28.-tn.]

—COUNTY TREASURER.—JOHN A. KENNEDY, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that J. A. Kennedy, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for the above named office at the coming Democratic primary election, and feeling assured that he can perform the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the people and with no discredit to himself, he respectfully solicits the support of his party friends throughout the county.

—COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—L. W. SHANK, Conemaugh Borough.—We are authorized to announce that L. W. Shank, of Conemaugh borough, will be a candidate for the above office at the coming Democratic primary election. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county with honesty and fidelity.

—FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MAXWELL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Francis Maxwell, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office above named, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election. If nominated and elected he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [3-28.-tn.]

—FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—CHARLES FLICK, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Charles Flick, of Loretto boro', will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the approaching Democratic primary election, and should he be fortunate enough to be nominated and elected he pledges himself to advocate at all times an honest and economical administration of the affairs of the county.

—COUNTY COMMISSIONER—GEO. O'GORLEY, Ebensburg.—We have been authorized to announce that the above named member of the present Board of County Commissioners will be a candidate for renomination at the coming Democratic primary election, and if the nomination does come more conferred upon and his election follows he pledges himself to do his duty as faithfully and honestly in the future as he has endeavored to do it in the past.

—COUNTY COMMISSIONER—DAVID SHIELDS, Cambria Twp.—We are authorized to announce that David Shields, of Cambria township, will be a candidate for County Commissioner at the coming Democratic primary election, and if nominated and elected pledges himself to perform the duties of the office honestly and to the best of its ability. In any event, however, he will remain true to his party and its principles.
Ebensburg, July 29, 1881.

—MINERAL LAND FOR SALE!—The undersigned offers at private sale and accommodating terms a tract of land lying three-fourths of a mile from Patton, Pennsylvania Railroad and containing **77 Acres.** The land is underlaid with COAL, FIRE CLAY and IRON ORE, and is also well timbered, has a good saw-mill seat thereon, and could be readily reached by a railroad track from the main line. For further particulars call on or address JAMES BURKE.
Aug. 12, '81.-3t.* Wilmore, Cambria Co., Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Saturday, the 3d day of September, 1881,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real

NEITHER GORRILLAS NOR MEN.

A JAPANESE TRIBE OF HAIRY PEOPLE WHO POSSESS TAILS.

Can it be supposed that when Dean Swift libeled humanity by degrading it below the level of the brutes in his dreadful fiction of the Yahoos he ever imagined that there existed aught that approximated toward the odious picture. Yet such is the case. There are, undoubtedly, races whose attributes do, in various degrees, suggest, if they do not realize, the misanthropic fables of the men-beasts of Houyhnnms Land. The Niamniams of Africa, who live between the Gulf of Benin and Abyssinda, are said to have tails, a statement confirmed by Dr. Hubsh, of Constantiaople, in 1851. The "hairy people" mentioned of old by Hanno seem to have a real existence, apart from the gorilla, judging from Miss Bird's account of the Ainos of Japan, a strange, savage, and little-known race, supposed to be the aborigines of that country, but now only to be found on the Island of Yezo. They are, she says, of the most ferocious aspect, owing to the profusion of their thick, soft black hair and beards, and to the singular fact that their bodies are commonly covered with a vigorous growth of black hair or fur, upward of an inch in length, and incrusted with dirt, for the Ainos never wash. Their food is a "stew of abominable things," and a "thick soup made of putty-clay, which is boiled with the bulb of a white lilly.' They believed themselves to be descended from dogs, but other characteristics of this strange people are not unamiable. Beyond these instances, and presenting a far more striking resemblance to the Yahoo type, there are the Veddas in Weodahs of Ceylon, their duplicates or Berneo of New Guinea, and kindred varieties discovered in the Philippine Islands, Terra del Fuego, and South America. Only none of these are so hateful as the creatures of Swift's invention. It needed the fierce indignation against his kind, which he has recorded in his epitaph, to depict them. The Veddas and similar races on the island of the Asiatic archipelago are described as the aborigines of their respective countries, who have shrunk into the jungle and forest to escape from civilization, and have lived there for upwards of two thousand years. They construct no habitations, but lodge in eaves or trees or under overhanging rocks.—They are stunted in size, seldom exceeding four feet eight inches in stature, and but feebly built, except as regards their arms, which the constant use of the bow renders very muscular, notwithstanding their short, ape-like thumbs. With this weapon they kill animals for food, devouring, besides, snakes, reptiles, wild honey, ants, eggs, and carrion of all kinds. They lack both memory and foresight, cannot count or discriminate between colors, are filthy in their habits, and in everything save a rudimentary language of uncouth guttural sounds, and some dim vestiges of religion and social order, are the beasts of the field. Saddest perhaps of all, they never laugh. When they die they believe they become devils. Yet this benighted and outcast race, so low in organization, habits and character as scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys of the jungle among whom they live, practice by instinct virtues which are not too common in civilization. They never lie, steal nor quarrel. Some of these unfortunate creatures have been half-tamed by the Cingalese and sent to out-door work, like the Yahoos of the Houyhnnms.—When the Prince of Wales visited the island in 1876, certain of the jungle Veddas were actually caught in snares and traps to be exhibited to him; and one of the number—a female—positively died of fright in being secured. It was not a humane transaction. The Veddas are regarded merely as animals. Finally, it may be remarked, in connection with Swift's curious anticipation, that he placed Houyhnhnms Land near the great island continent of Australia. It appears in the map of the first edition of "Gulliver" as due south of Nuvst's Land, in about thirty-eight degrees south latitude, and one hundred and fifty-five degrees east longitude. Now, Ceylon is but fifty-five degrees west of this locality, though above, as New Guinea is just below, the equator. The Yahoos could not have been better accommodated.—*All the Year Round.*

THE WHITE HOUSE.—Its corner stone was laid on the thirteenth of October, 1792, under the superintendence of Captain James Hobon, an Irish architect, direct from Dnblin, who accepted the award of $500 (then thought to be a large amount) for the design.

He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Washington, and his descendants still live in that city.

The British destroyed the building in the year 1814, but it was rebuilt by Captain Hobon, and was first opened for the reception of visitors on January 1, 1881.

The portico of four lofty columns, on the north side, was added in 1829, during the administration of President Jackson.

It is a lofty building, two stories in height, with a frontage of one hundred and eighty feet and a depth of eighty-five feet. The vestibule within the front door is fifty feet long by forty wide. The famous East room, which was finished fifty years ago, is eighty feet long, forty feet wide and twenty-two feet high.

Eight large mirrors and three chandeliers, of crystal and silver, adorn the room. The walls are covered with gray paper, and the furniture is trimmed with gray repand maroon velvet. With the exception of our public halls, it is the largest in the country and, for its size, is certainly the handsomest.

The President's office, which is on the second story, and which is the Cabinet room also, is not very large. It is thirty-five or forty feet long and thirty or thirty-five feet wide, with a ceiling about twenty feet high. In the middle of the floor is a long table, surrounded by leather-seated chairs; long lambrequin curtains of a dark, bluish gray color adorn the windows, and the carpet is of a red tint, with large figures, and a large map of the United States is on the wall.

Washington is a Government creation, and the White House is chiefly memorable on account of the men who have lived in it. Every one of our Presidents except Washington has resided in this famous house.

The original cost of this building in 1792 was about $335,000 and the total cost up to this time is about $1,800,000. —*Golden Leys.*

SUMNER DRINKS.—The London *Chemist* and *Druggist* gives the following recipes for these seasonable beverages:

Lemon Beer.—One pound sugar, one gallon boiling water, one sliced lemon, one ounce bruised ginger, one teacupful yeast. Let it stand twelve to twenty hours, after which it may be bottled.

Hop Beer.—Four pounds sugar, six ounces hops, four ounces bruised ginger. Boil the hops for three hours with five quarts of water, then strain; add five more quarts of water, and the ginger, boil a little longer, again strain, add the sugar, and when luke warm add one pint of yeast. After twenty-four hours it will be ready for bottling.

Ginger Beer.—Two pounds brown sugar, two gallons boiling water, one ounce cream of tartar, two ounces bruised ginger. Infuse the ginger in the boiling water, strain when luke-warm, then add one-half pint of good yeast. Let it stand all night; then bottle. If desired a lemon may be added, and it may be clarified by the white of one egg.

Full Particulars.

On the 1st of this month our stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods at Oak Hall was seven hundred and forty-three thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars and eighty-one cents.

$743.175.81

These are the exact figures.

Where is there another such stock to select from?
The old house has been remodeled.
The old hands (most of them) are still there.
The old principles of just and right prices, sound goods, fashionable styles, substantial finish, are strictly adhered to.

John Wanamaker

Who founded the business, is at Oak Hall every day looking after things, and in all the history of Oak Hall it was

Never so wide awake

to push up its high standards and drop down to lowest prices.

An old-time greeting to our friends everywhere, and another cordial invitation extended to come to Oak Hall.

Wanamaker & Brown,
OAK HALL,
Cor. Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.
The Largest Clothing House in America.

Postscript.

The last new thing we have done is to open a **TEN DOLLAR ROOM**, where we have gathered a great lot of full Suits, suitable for dress or business, which we shall sell at $10.

You can judge of the cheapness of our stock by seeing what we can do for $10. W. & B.

BROWN'S
IRON
A TRUE TONIC
A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.**
See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING

DR METTAURS HEADACHE PILLS

HEADACHE CURED — DYSPEPSIA RELIEVED

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE MD.

If you are a man of fortune, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use **Hop Bitters.**

If you are young and discretion, or dissipated or single, old or poor health or languish, use **Hop Bitters.**

Whoever you are, wherever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, take **Hop Bitters.**

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use **Hop Bitters.**

If you are simply weak and languishing, try it; it may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve waste, use **Hop B.**

If suffering from any indiscretion, young, suffering from ills in a bed of sickness, use **Bitters.**

Thousands die annually from some form of **Kidney** disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of **HopBitters**

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will be at Loretto on Monday and Tuesday, at Chest Springs on Wednesday and Thursday, and at Carrolltown on Friday and Saturday of the *fourth week of each month.*

☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.
[9-21,'80.-tf.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building and immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank. Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

THE PEOPLE'S
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who want to be shaved, have their hair cut, or desire any other attentions in his line. ☞ Ladies' hair and hair combings made into curls and switches when desired. ☞ Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.
H. P. SCHAEFER.
Ebensburg, March 26, 1881.-1y.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency,
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies,
Ebenburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

TELEGRAPHING for WATERMELONS.

After having fully equipped the office at San Jose for business and placed it in regular telegraphic communications with San Francisco, I prepared to push on the next day for Stockton, when, just as we were on the point of starting, I discovered that the coils of wire that had been stored at San Jose were much larger than those we had used between Francisco and that point, and were consequently more difficult to handle without changing the reel. We made only three miles that day, camping all night in front of a farm-house, the occupants of which had left the Eastern States before the advent of the telegraph.—When supper was over he visited our camp and appeared much interested, watching me attentively while I was communicating with San Jose and San Francisco. He could not realize that it was possible for me to hold a conversation, through the medium of a little ticking instrument, with persons so far distant. In fact, he expressed grave doubts as to the truthfulness of my assertion that I was speaking to any one at all, saying it was impossible for any one to read or interpret the clicks made by the little instrument in front of me. And so satisfied was he of the correctness of his views that he stated his willingness to back then up by a wager. He then requested me to tell him what it was I had just communicated. I told him I had informed the operator at San Jose that the machinery I was using for paying out the wire needed some alterations, and that I would return there the next morning to have the necessary changes made. He thereupon very kindly volunteered on certain conditions to take me to San Jose in his wagon. The conditions were that I would accept his offer to furnish watermelons for the whole party on it being proven that the communication I had stated as having been sent by me to San Jose had been received at that office over the line. But, to make sure that no advantage should be taken over him, he requested me to send another message to the effect that on our arrival at San Jose in the morning the operator must promptly appear at the door of the office and say "Watermelons." My agreement to do this seemed to increase the interest my rancher friend held in me, and he very generously tendered me the hospitality of his house, in which I enjoyed the luxury of an excellent bed. After a hearty breakfast in the morning, a good pair of horses were brought out and attached to a buggy, in which was placed my reel, and we started for San Jose. Drawing up in front of the office, we were promptly met by the operator at the door, who saluted us with "Where are the watermelons?" My companion slapped me on the back, delighted at being fully convinced of the reality and importance of the telegraph. The watermelons were quickly provided, and, as they were worth at that time $1 or more apiece, they were considered a great treat. When the feast was over, he made many inquiries about the telegraph, examining into the mysteries of its working; after which, the change in the wire reel having in the meantime been made, we set out on our return to the camp, where, on our arrival in the afternoon work, was again resumed.—*James Gamble, in the Californian.*

PERUNA will make your blood pure and healthy.

A TRADE A FORTUNE.

How often do parents in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters, ask the question, "Is he rich?" If the daughter answers "Yes he is rich; he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased. But these qualifications are by no means everything that can be desired in a suitor, as the following anecdote may serve to show: Not many years ago, a Polish lady of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishment, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman. "Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?" "You are, undoubtedly, the best blood of Poland," replied the father. "And my fortune and reputation," continued the nobleman, "are they not——" "Your estate is magnificent," said the father, "and your conduct irreproachable." "Then, having your daughter's consent, should I expect a refusal?" said the nobleman." "This, sir," replied the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of Fortune are precarious; what Fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living for a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of an occupation." The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two afterwards, as the father was sitting at the door, he saw wagons laden with baskets approaching the house, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and had brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—but the noble Pole supported his wife, and her father in the affirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

SUPPOSED NEW SPECIES OF HORSE.—M. Poliakoff, the distinguished Russian naturalist, has examined a horse presented by Colonel Prejwalskii to the St. Petersburg Academy, and decides it to be a new species, which he has named Equus Prejawalskii. It appears that the new representative of the undivided hoofed mamals is in some respect intermediate between the domestic horse and the wild ass, but it differs from the asinine genus in having four callosities, one on each leg. In the form of skull, absence of dorsal stripe, and other particulars, it resembles the domestic horse. The newly recorded animal is indigenous to the plains and deserts of Central Asia, and has not heretofore fallen under the dominion of man.

CEILINGS that have been smoked by kerosene lamps should be washed off with soda water.

READ THIS! HEED THIS!

IF A NEW SUIT YOU NEED,

IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,

This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING **A MAN'S GOOD SUIT,** lined throughout, for $2.75. This suit invites and defies all competition.

WE ARE SELLING **A Man's Good Business Suit** for $4.00. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for $5.00.

WE ARE SELLING **A Man's White DUCK VEST** for 60 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for $1.25.

WE ARE SELLING **GOOD SUITS FOR BOYS** from 8 to 12 years old, with long pants, for $2.40, which surpass anything of the kind you ever saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING **NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS,** from 4 to 8 years old, at 75 cents, which astonish all who see them; and good **WOOL HATS** for men and boys at 40 and 50 cents.

WE ARE SELLING **MEN'S GOOD WORKING PANTS,** lined throughout, at from 75 cents to $1.00.

WE ARE SELLING **Men's Good Overalls** at 20 cts. and up, and good CALICO SHIRTS for 40 cents, sold everywhere for 75 cts.

WE ARE SELLING **BOYS' SUITS in 2 PIECES,** for any age from 4 to 8 yrs., for $2.00; considered cheap last season at $3.50.

All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE

Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,

Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'r, Burlington, Vt.

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.

FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 25, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,
JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Tretton & Laddath, Druggists of Wasees, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,
H. A. HEISLOLETTY, M. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, removing the bone clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others.
Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.

WEST ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 15, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Several months ago I injured my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure, which gave the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.
Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, ringbone, curbs, callous, splints, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargement of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for man as well as beast.

☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, VT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Feb. 18, 1881.-9m.

(The original and only genuine Chinese Cream Camphor manufactured.—WONG SAM KEE & CO., Tea Merchants, 846 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Chinese Cream CAMPHOR!

THE GREAT REMEDY
FOR THE
RELIEF OF PAIN
IN MAN AND BEAST!

Commands the attention of all who have been inveterate sufferers of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FROSTED FEET, STIFF JOINTS, and all pains in every portion of the body. The seat of pain is reached by exciting the pores to action, thus enabling the curative properties of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR to enter, which stifles the pain as soon as the affected parts are reached. The liniment must, upon each application, be rubbed in thoroughly; and in cases of Rheumatism of long standing it should be used three or four times a day, and four applications made each time, until cured. Care, however, should be exercised after the pores are opened, to prevent taking cold.

FOR HORSES

—THE—

Chinese CREAM Camphor

IS INVALUABLE.

It relieves Sprained Joints, Thrush in Feet, Sweeny, Poll Evil, Blood and Bone Spavins, Ringbone, and all hard lumps caused by kicks or other bruises. For Epizooty, Distemper, Fever, Colic, Loss of Appetite, and Weakness, use the IRON HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

☞ A half-pint bottle of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR can be had for 50 cents from E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa.

N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

TESTIMONIALS.

I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have found in it the most instant relief. I have never found its equal in all my travels.—GEORGE BYNG, London, Eng., (son of Capt. Sir Geo. Byng, R. I. N., Singapore, India.)

I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used, curing me completely.—MILLARD F. WALTON, 117 N. 41st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN EGAN, 415 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1881.

Having suffered severely with frosted feet I used the Chinese Cream Camphor three times, rubbing it in thoroughly, and was cured. My mother tried it for nervous headache, obtaining instant relief.—ANDREW S. TATTEL, 1215 Melon street, Philad'a, Jan. 15, 1881. [4-8.-9m.]

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes, and will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.
J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address *True & Co.*, Augusta, Me.

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other commands such merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes. New, Delightful and Fashionable.
Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. HIGGINS & CO., N. Y.

Mothers, Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men & Women, Teachers, and all who are tired out by work or worry, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness; if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are suffering from disease, age, or dissipation, and you system needs invigorating, or your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics as it never intoxicates, and Cures Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HIGGINS & CO., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

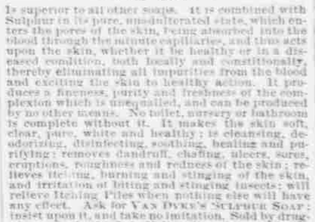
Parker's Hair Balsam. Removes Dandruff. Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.
The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.
Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair
to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*
Nov. 12, 1880.-1y.

DIRECTIONS.
For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc., insert with little finger (moistened) into the nostrils; inhale through the nose. If the nostrils are closed, moisten the finger and apply to the nostrils. Use morning, noon and night. For Deafness. Apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING received unbounded commendation, displacing all other preparations, and proving a perfect cure, is on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy by druggists. Knowing it will cure all who will try it, we offer a fair trial to all suffering from Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membrane from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment, as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Oswego, N. Y.
☞ For sale by Ebensburg, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [1-14,-1mo.]

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP



Is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur in its pure, undilterated state, which enters the pores of the skin, being absorbed into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a fineness, purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled, and can be produced by no other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is cleansing, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, dueling, rheum, tetter, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP; insist upon it, and take no imitation. Sold by druggists. Aschbach & Miller, Proprietors, No. 902 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. GATMAN and E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-5,-1y.]

PE-RU-NA
is nature's greatest remedy. Dr. Hartman prescribed it to 40,000 patients, all of whom recovered or were much improved. Send for pamphlet.
PERUNA can be taken by every one—the young, the middle-aged, the old, the babe and the nursing mother.
PERUNA always agrees with the patient. It cleanses the system of all its impurities, tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.
PERUNA is the best tonic and appetizer. It makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the toils and cares of the day it gives sweet and refreshing sleep. [See pamphlet.]
PERUNA should be taken by every body before each meal, when well, to prevent sickness; when sick, to cure. $1.00 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help.
PERUNA is composed of the purest and best ingredients; each one a great remedy in itself. [See pamphlet.]
It is pleasant to the taste, and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.
For a book which will enable you to treat yourself, address S. B. HARTMAN & CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO. Always regulate the bowels and pelvic organs with

MAN-A-LIN

☞ Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-13,'81.-1y.*]

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.
Feb. 4, 1881.-1y.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19,-tf.]

A BOILING LAKE.

PROFESSOR WARD'S ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND VOLCANO.

Professor Henry A. Ward, of the University of Rochester, is writing letters touching his trip to New Zealand, some of which detail regular experiences. In his last he says: "I came from Auckland by rail south 125 miles along the east coast to the town Tamanga. I hired a cutter and started to visit a volcano. We sailed all night, and at daybreak we had before us a beautiful mountain of black